2/-

The Sketch

No. 2829 Vol. CCXVIII

Spring Fashion Number

MARCH 11, 1953

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1

Soft—stepping spring

'Padua' and 'Teramo' are the new-for-spring Glove Welts — soft toed, soft soled, so supple you can double them together in your hand.

'Brecon' and 'Chiltern' go with spring in tweeds, spring on the links, spring with the extra spring of Clarks Pussylite Soles.

Clarks COUNTRY CLUB

— shoes with a sense of occasion

Padua: Black, amberglow, blue or cherry red smooth leather. **65/-**
Teramo: Amberglow smooth leather. **65/-**
Brecon: Cognac brown, amberglow or flagship blue smooth leather. Corrugated Pussylite soles. **65/-**
Chiltern: Amberglow or cherry red smooth leather. Corrugated Pussylite soles. **65/-**

Nearest Shop? *Write* Clarks *Dept. L.2, Street, Somerset — and ask for a style leaflet.*

A

* Middy-line Jumper Suit in Pure Worsted Crepe

Phyllis Taylor

At leading fashion houses; for name of nearest stockist write:

Phyllis Taylor Ltd., 53 Great Marlborough Street, W.1

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

You needn't feel bound to look beautiful!

Warner-Wonderful Bras

Fabulous, freedom-loving you! You're supported in the lovely style you deserve with the liveliest, lithest stitches in bra-dom. Warner's bras keep you deep in charms . . . happily secure in caressing comfort.

Wonderful the way a Warner bra becomes part of you. Wonderful the way you'll come back for more. There's a Warner-Wonderful bra made especially for you—in the style, depth and cup size that will make the most of *your* charms.

2299—Dainty Nylon taffeta and embroidered marquisette with wide division and perfect uplift. B & C cups. White. **25/3**

1008—Strapless short bra with specially designed frame to guarantee against slipping. White Sea Island cotton and embroidered marquisette. Obtainable in Black Nylon Satin. B & C cups. **42/9**

If your store just doesn't happen to have YOUR Warner bra at the time write to: Warner Bros. (Corsets) Ltd., 40/41 Conduit St., London, W.1 and we'll make sure you have it.

WARNER'S
LE GANT

BRAS · GIRDLES
PANTIE GIRDLES · CORSELETTES

AMERICAN DESIGN · BRITISH MAKE

NATIONAL CORSET WEEK March 16th-21st

LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

Roecliff & Chapman
model
In cotton organdie
For name of nearest stockist write :—
Roecliff & Chapman, 19 Grosvenor Street, W.1

PETERHOUSE

Suit yourself with **deréta**, *and deréta will pledge with uncompromising tailoring, magical styling and a celebrated fabric . . .* IRIDESCENT WORSTED!

For instance, PETERHOUSE, *a classic suit that's tidy without being trite, tailored with simplicity that's understated for double chic. In a wide choice of elegant iridescent colour effects including grey, mimosa, green and periwinkle. Also in sophisticated melange worsted rep. Price 12 gns.*

Enquiries to:

deréta

(London) Ltd, Kent House, Market Place. London, W.1. (wholesale only)

THIS all-British model in 100% nylon 'Furleen' (approx. £16.6.0) will make you the envy of overseas visitors this year.

CORONATION ROBE and kirtle for a Peeress. Chiffon velvet with nylon 'Furleen'

isn't it lovely, this

nylon **FURLEEN** REGD.

HAVE YOU EVER scuffed a trail through crisp fresh snow; day-dreamed of sleeping on the cotton-wool pillows of a summer cloud? That's how it feels to snuggle into the kitten-ball luxury of *nylon* 'Furleen', Queen of simulations. And the feeling lasts. Nothing can spoil it. Not rain, moths, pressure. Not even normal wear and tear. NOTHING. No wonder *nylon* 'Furleen' is used for Coronation robes; no wonder it's so hard to find in the shops. Hunt a little, though, and you'll discover jackets, stoles and three-quarter coats ranging from 14 to 27 guineas. Look for the name *nylon* 'FURLEEN'.

Leading 'Furleen' Stockists include:

Dickins & Jones	Bonne Marche (Liverpool)
Selfridges	Kendal Milne (Manchester)
Peter Jones	Rowntrees (Scarborough)
John Lewis (Oxford Street)	Busbys (Bradford)
Whitfield (Shrewsbury & Kidderminster)	Marments (Cardiff)
	Bonds (Norwich)
	Hodgkinsons (Warrington)

ASTRAKA LIMITED

19-23 Wells Street, London, W.1. Tel.: MUSeum 4374

Vasco

World famous for over half a Century

We present 'CROWNING GLORY'

Glamour, Elegance and Charm for Coronation Year created with our 'HAIR BUBBLES' short cut perm which costs **£4.4.0** including Restyling, Shampooing and Setting *the same price we have charged for more than 25 years*

Our specialities:

Shampoo and set 10/– inclusive. Clinic for hair and scalp disorders. Hair tinting in all shades.

T. VASCO LTD.

16 Dover Street, London, W.1

Telephone: REGent 3324 (4 lines)

Brochure on request *All advice free*

Your Spring Tailleur

A suit for any occasion, impeccably tailored, with slim skirt, in Worsted Melange. Mid Grey or Charcoal. Hips 36 to 42 ins.

12 gns.

Suits: First Floor

The hat, white, trimmed grey back, is from the Model Millinery Salon: First Floor.

Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Regent 1616

by

henri

In fine worsted crepe, navy and many other colours

At leading fashion houses

HENRI GOWNS LTD., 15 PRINCES ST., CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1

GOR-RAY

From left to right: Coronation, Duchess, Godet, Regina
at prices ranging from 42/- to 5 gns.

GOR-RAY LIMITED 107 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1

Helen Kaye

The finest suit value in England.

A classic man-tailored suit in grey melange. Pencil slim skirt & lined jacket--

Sizes 36"·38"·40"

10 GNS.

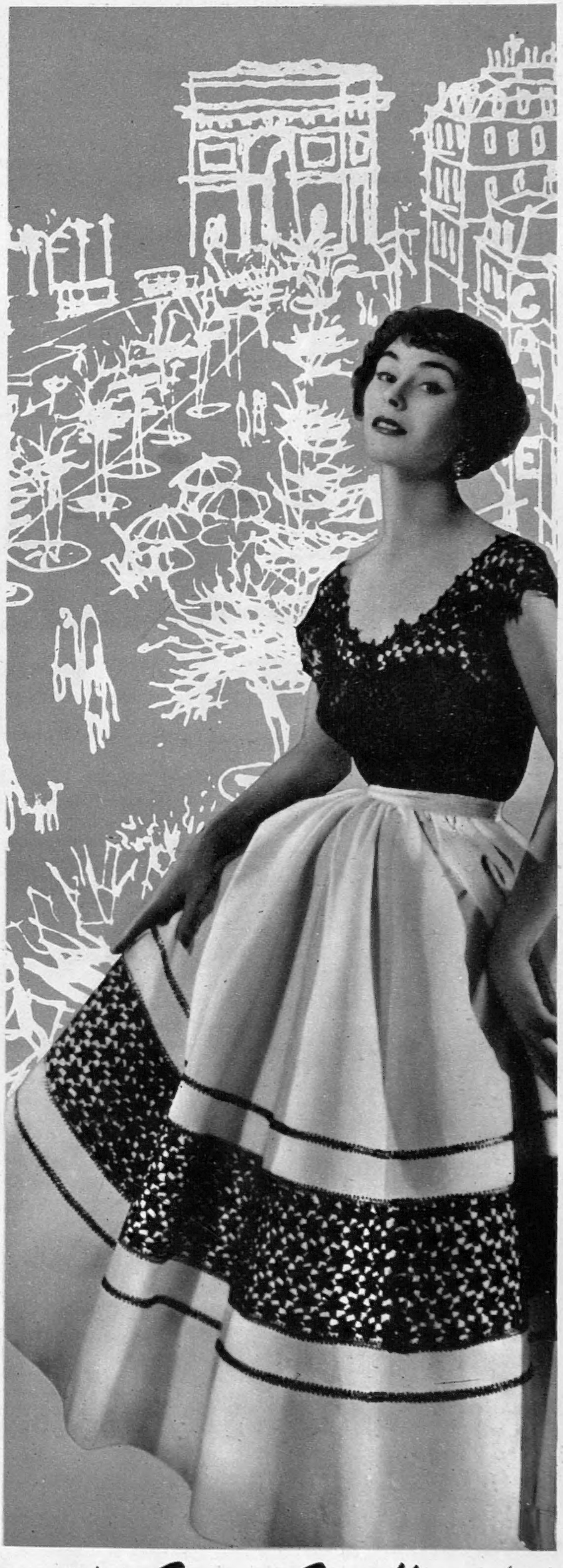
42" & 44" 11½ GNS.

262~264 REGENT ST. W.1. *Telephone* REGent 55

Lady in Colour

a 'Lady in Black' production—
'Dorset'. Moire grosgrain two-piece — the dress is sleeveless with high cut heart-shaped neckline. About **13½ gns.**

Please write for name of your nearest stockist to
Lady in Black Fashions Ltd., 24 Maddox Street, London, W.1



... it's a **Susan Small** *world!*

(Wholesale only) 76 Wells St., London, W.1 Member of the London Model House Group

Holyrood

for you means elegance in styling—Unerringly correct in softest yarns and lovely colours—Surprisingly, inexpensive.

Ask your favourite retailer for

HOLYROOD

but if you have any difficulty please write to us for name of nearest stockist.

MURDOCH, HILLSON LTD., 73, MITCHELL STREET, GLASGOW, C1

Elmoor

For occasions, casual *and* chic,
this two-toned dress-with-the-stole is always right.
The tailored top has a soft V-neck,
the arrow-slim skirt has the new "weskit" effect,
the fringed stole can be worn countless ways.
Wonderful in pure wool . . .
with a woven grey traverse weave on black or na

From leading fashion stores : about **9 guineas.**

Elmoor *107/113 GT. PORTLAND STREET · W.1 · LANGHAM 31*

A NEW *Yearly Service*

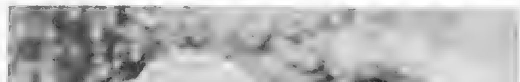
IN PERMANENT WAVING

Exclusively Antoine — the special service which maintains your permanent wave — at its best — throughout the year. You pay once only . . . for a softer, lighter permanent wave that you may renew as often as you feel necessary without recurring charge. We will gladly send you details on request.

APPOINTMENTS REGENT 2186

Antoine

38 DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1. · PARIS · NEW YORK



Long-throated suit of gentle lines
in misty marbled tweed.

FREDERICK STARKE

designed it—
ask for it where you go to buy your fine clothes.

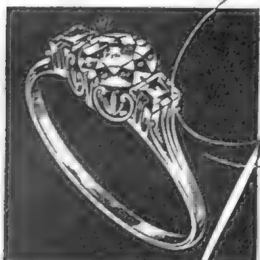
31 BRUTON STREET · BERKELEY SQUARE · LONDON · W.1

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234

but for the modern Elizabethans...

The "Armada" jewel presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Heneage shows what bygone craftsmen could achieve with traditional materials. But today a jeweller can enrich the product of his skill by using palladium. Rarer than gold, this lovely metal is fashion's choice for beautiful settings of every kind—for inexpensive jewellery and luxurious suites alike.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.



Palladium

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELLERY

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION

The Mond Nickel Co. Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., London, W.1

BY APPOINTMENT
RIDING CLOTHES OUTFITTERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Spring Suitings

A new suit this season? You are cordially invited to inspect our new range of finest quality materials, in a wide variety of attractive Spring colourings, and to see the new models now available.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

And at:
11, BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM.
47, HIGH STREET, ALDERSHOT.
BRIDGE HOUSE, SOUTH ASCOT.
68, WATERGATE STREET, CHESTER

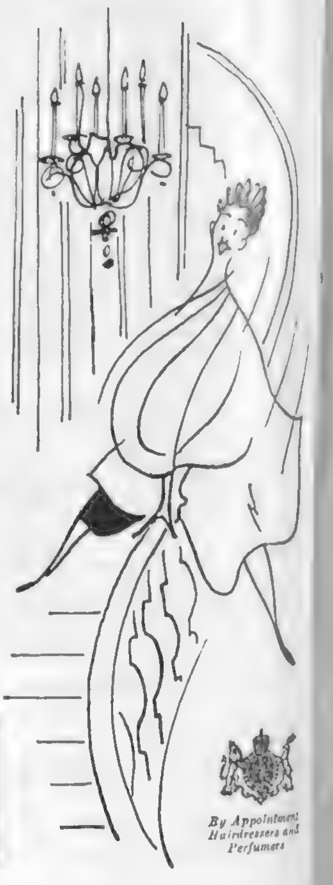
Let your hair down...

Leave your mind at home and take yourself to 66 Grosvenor Street. Escapist? Ah yes... but quite marvellous.

So purposeful here among the gay pink stripes. Fluffy shampoo... set? Something new please. Off the forehead sweeping back to here. Dare we have less than the best?

So under the dryer and nothing matters for a brief spell. Somebody—some capable somebody organises things so well. There's nothing to do but relax... and now a snack lunch right at one's elbow.

With hair that is quite irreproachable there are—there must be—stars in the eyes as well. The Steiner touch does so much for the ego. Such unusual pleasure for a surprisingly usual price.



Steiner

By Appointment Hairdressers and Perfumers

66 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1 MAYFAIR 5245/6

The girl in the Turquoise Tutu...

is a dancer, which is to say she's just like other people, only more so.

On the stage nylon net, nylon ribbons, nylon slippers. Well, of course.

But go round behind the scenes and have a word with her dresser. That little grey suit on the chair is wool *and* nylon—who'd have thought it! Her coat which looks like fur is nylon and has a nylon lining. Her umbrella nylon taffeta, and her gloves nylon too.

Where will nylon turn up next? Ask and you will discover. Where clothes are bought and sold and seen the word

...goes round and round in

B Nylon S

British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon.

French sets your hair *with a brush*

Intriguing, unique challenging the 'set' set French of London introduces an entirely new technique in hairdressing — setting with a brush. French, and only French, achieves that look of 'untidy tidiness' that is, today, for the truly chic. He alone, with deft, knowing brush strokes can interpret that look of studied nonchalance that will distinguish you as a contemporary fashion leader.

French

OF LONDON

4, Curzon Place, Park Lane, W.1. Grosvenor 3770-8-9.

He knows
that she knows
that he goes to

The Flower House

35, Berkeley Street, London, W.1

Grosvenor 2039

—for luxury fruit too

By Appointment
Makers of Weatherproof Clothing
to the Late King George VI.

The Burberry weatherproof in coloured gabardine—with a delightful range of colours in rich pastel shades.

The classically simple lines, the comfort and unique weather proofing qualities afforded by Burberry Gabardine have stood the test of time.

Hat and Shoes by Burberrys.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone: WHItehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.

Appointed Agents in every town throughout Great Britain.

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

MARCUSA
STYLED BY
MARCUS

More than ever it is the woman with a cultivated sense of fashion who has to watch her budget. Designed for her especially are "Marcusa" dresses, in the true Marcus tradition of sophisticated elegance.

"Gigolo"—a striking dress, exciting to wear, in the newest and boldest of fine wool plaids . . . and that all-round pleated swirl of a skirt. At leading Fashion Houses throughout the country.

9 guineas

For nearest stockist, write to 'MARCUSA,' 19-23 Wells Street, London, W.1.

Cavalry twill

. . . . *tailored for leisure*

THIS IS the Commando among cloths; tough solid, dependable. Hold it in your hand and you know that here is a cloth which *belongs* outdoors; wherever clothes and brambles get together.
Such a cloth is ideal for sport and leisure wear. Consider, for instance, our cavalry twill 'Breex,' for both men and women. These are the handsome belted slacks which bolster a man's confidence and minimise a woman's silhouette—their flat-set pockets and considerate hip design are a triumph of understatement. 'Breex' are available ready-to-wear, with leather-bound turn-ups, Lightning zipp fasteners, and a suede-lined belt with our own unique stud-buckle; at about five guineas for women, five and a half for men.
Your 'Breex' can be worn with any sport or leisure jacket, but really excel themselves in the company of a cavalry twill all-purpose hacking jacket in the region of eight and a half guineas for women, ten for men.

breex

CAVALRY TWILL breeches material has been the speciality of Harry Hall since 1915 and is now being tailored for leisure with the same meticulous skill which has made Harry Hall the most trusted name in riding wear. You can judge the results for yourself, one block south from Oxford Circus or at accredited agents throughout the country.*

HARRY HALL

for thoroughbred clothes.
235-237 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: REGent 6601

DESIGNED BY HARRY HALL

**Messrs. Hallzone, Ltd., 104, Marylebone Lane, W.1. (WELbeck 9962) will be pleased to supply the name and address of your nearest stockist.*

The Watch of the Future

AUTOMATIC . SELF-WINDING . 17-JEWELLED

now available from Bensons

THE 'SIGNAL'

Benson's are proud to offer a watch which represents a triumph of watchmaking skill — the 'Signal'. It is self-winding and has an automatic reserve of power in wear. The high-grade Swiss-lever movement is jewelled in 17 actions. Its strong and compact case is watertight and dust excluding. For the man who seeks a watch he can really trust, there could be no better choice than the 'Signal' with Benson's own century old reputation as the final assurance of complete reliability. *May we invite you to call at our showrooms? A catalogue can be sent on request.*

BENSONS

J. W. BENSON LTD., 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Schweppshire shows the Way

1. CONVERSATION PIECE

This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

Professor Schweppaiev tells us that in a few years furniture will be done away with altogether, and, trained in the exercises of the New Schwyogi, adaptable Schweppsians will achieve the supra-furniture state and be their own tables, footrests, pianos, or, as here, rocking chairs.

Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

The only sweet with these

lovely fruit liqueur centres

SIX FLAVOURS—Gooseberry, Raspberry, Pear, Lemon, Pineapple, Tangerine: ½lb. 2/3, 1 lb. 4/5

MELTIS LTD · BEDFORD · ENGLAND

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1953

Photographed by Yevonde.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

A charming study of the thirty-eight-year-old Lady Tweedsmuir and Joanna, her eighteen-year-old daughter by her first marriage to the late Sir Arthur Grant. Joanna will be one of this year's débutantes and Lady Tweedsmuir will be giving a coming-out dance for her on July 17.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

IN the bad old days of the late Government there was a horrible expression which typified that whole régime—"pleasure motoring." This covered anything from shopping in the local town to taking the children for a day to the seaside. I am glad that the G.B. Car Club has been founded for strictly non-utilitarian motives. That is to say, it is not designed for racing drivers who take their cars abroad, and dash them up and down Alpine passes for the sake of the publicity their success will receive, nor is it intended for those who motor abroad for business reasons. It is intended for the ordinary individual who likes to take his or her car abroad for the sheer pleasure of doing so. At the recent party to launch the Club at Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square (*see page* 217), the Earl of Buckinghamshire received the guests. He is, I suppose, a typical ordinary British motorist, who likes to motor on the Continent. He is also probably one of the most conscientious back-bench members of the House of Lords, with an attendance record which many of the gentlemen in the Lower House might envy. He is a considerable landowner in Scotland, but I gather that he is selling his Scottish estates in order to concentrate on those in the part of England which he, endearingly, calls "my country." The first rally which this excellent Club is to undertake will be to Languedoc, as guests of the Languedoc wine-growers. I think, perhaps, those growers did themselves a disservice through their well-meant generosity in laying on a Languedoc sparkling white wine (Blanquette de Limoux) for the drinks at Dr. Johnson's house. "Little" wines, such as the excellent red and white Languedoc still table wines, travel fairly well, though, like all wines that develop in a particularly hot sun, they never achieve great distinction, nor do they improve greatly with keeping. Sparkling wines, on the other hand, though often delightful in the locality in which they are grown, stand up poorly to travel, and, of course, have always the high standard of champagne by which they must be unkindly judged. I do not believe that a Vouvray Mousseux, for example, which is quite delightful drunk at Vouvray itself, or in Touraine, will travel successfully even as far as Paris. Nor do I think that it, and other wines such as Saumur, should be expected to do so. There is only one champagne district in the world—round Rheims and Épernay, just as there is only one sherry district—round Jerez de la Frontera, and wine shippers do themselves a disservice by putting these little champenoisé in the ring with champagne. It just isn't fair. I remember, for instance, some Rumanian "champagne" that I had before the war . . . no, on the whole I do not wish to recall that shattering experience!

TALKING of clubs, I was sorry not to be able to join Sir Charles Petrie, Lord Gretton and other members of the 1900 Club, in a pilgrimage made from London to Oxford as the guests of the Oxford Carlton Club. Charles was th founder of the Oxford Carlton, has been chairman and a stalwart member of the 1900, and has, I believe, been instrumental in obtaining a certain amount of help for the undergraduate Club from the London one. In return, all members of the 190 can now use the Carlton premises while they are in Oxford. Co-founder of the Oxford Carlton with Charles, when they both came out of the Services after World War I., was Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. Thereby hang a tale. Up to the outbreak of the last war the Oxford Carlton possessed a peculiarly revolting club tie. This consisted of stripes of white, dark blue and purple. The Club has now, I believe a tasteful piece of neckwear with a desig of fleur-de-lys (I demand of myself, wh fleur-de-lys ?) on a blue ground. Stil I was sorry to see the old tie go. Fo it can be one of the few ties in the worl which have been chosen by a futu Home Secretary and a future emine historian in the quad at Corpus by th light of a full moon, and after an excell dinner. The two founders chose b for Toryism, purple for "Church a King" and white to emphasise t purity of their principles—which, if I ma say so, seem to have been admirab maintained to this day. Their taste i colours—in the cold light of day—w perhaps less admirable.

Another Club of which they we founder members was the Coningsby, dining club which, however, is intende for graduates of both Universities. Th well-beloved figure in the House o Commons, Sir Patrick Hannon, was, think, the principal founder, after Wo War I., and it always used to me at the Junior Carlton Club, where t principal diners sit round Disrae circular Cabinet table. There is ple of room, however, for a large number additional diners—which is more th can be said for the dining-rooms at t House of Commons, where the Club m for the dinner which it gave to the T.U chief, Sir Vincent Tewson. Quite ap from the fact that there was not room i all the diners, so that Maurice Macmill John Biggs-Davidson and I went els where, the acoustics of those dining-roo are as Gothic as the architecture, a I doubt if we should have been able hear Sir Vincent even had we be present. However, having been fated many occasions to organise functions am always on the side of the organise so this criticism should not be tak too seriously.

ANY well-run show conceals at le one major contretemps successfu overcome. I doubt, for example, if a of the 450 guests who were pres recently at the twenty-first birthday pa of the Hillman "Minx" at the Dorches knew of a major crisis which had be

People Who Matter

MAJ.-GEN. GUY SALISBURY-JONES

(Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps)

Who is the tall, very distinguished, big-framed, broad-shouldered Briton you could see enjoying caviare with Russians, slivovica with Yugoslavs and real sherry with Spaniards, in three successive days? What other official personage could it be than the ever-courteous, monosyllabic Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Maj.-Gen. Guy Salisbury-Jones, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.C.?

Liaison officer between Sovereign and seventy Ambassadors, High Commissioners and Ministers at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, Salisbury-Jones introduces envoys presenting Letters of Credence to the Queen, and does much, much else.

After being at Eton (he rowed in the Eton eight), this City man's son had a varied career: in France he was one of two officers to survive out of nine when new monsters, called tanks, came to "aid" his Guards Division; from St. Cyr, French Sandhurst, he went to reduce troubles in Syria; in the Jebel Druze affair; in Shanghai as chief of a unit keeping pace with the chameleon Chiang Kai-shek in 1928; with a battalion in Egypt; with terrorists of sundry shades in Palestine. When Pétain gave up in 1940 Salisbury-Jones had hours in which to leave Beirut. He reached Cairo and later from Kenya organised one of the bright patches in that dark year of bleakness, 1940, with a victory over the Italians at El Wak. After the misfortunes of Greece and Crete, he led a quiet life with Smuts as head of our Mission to South Africa. Then came Shaef and later Paris, first as head of our Mission and then as Military Attaché, before becoming A.D.C. to King George VI.

Evenings? Work on a biography. Week-ends? In Hampshire he grows vines—hopefully—for white wine. And his constant companion? His wife, daughter of our last envoy in Vienna to the sad Emperor Francis Joseph.—G.B.

brilliantly dealt with in the few minutes before their arrival. From out of a large "birthday cake" there were to emerge four of the new "Minxes," the last being an estate car. It was not possible, owing to the Dorchester's other commitments, to erect the cake until an hour or two before the lunch. For the same reason it was not possible to have a rehearsal until half an hour before the first guests were due to arrive. At the rehearsal, all went smoothly until the estate car started to come down the ramp on to the ballroom floor. There was a rending crash, the whole structure shook, and the estate car finished its short journey with all the paint scraped off its roof. The constructors had underestimated, by an inch or so, the tilting effect of the ramp. Somehow—and Bill Elsey, who was in charge, will never know, I think, quite how he did it—3 ins. were taken off the top of the opening, the doors were rehung, 3 ins. higher, and the top of the car was repainted the same shade of green before the guests arrived, half an hour later.

The gift of swift improvisation in a crisis is a precious one. I have always liked the story of Irving playing in *The Tempest* at a small provincial theatre. The "sea" was a piece of old green canvas under which stage hands heaved up and down. Alas! at one point the canvas had worn thin, so that the actors and audience were startled to see the bald head, pobbly moustache and horrified expression of one of the stage hands appear out of the "water." Irving, however, was not in the least disconcerted. "Man overboard!" he shouted. The head wriggled itself out of sight again under the canvas. Whereupon Irving struck one of his most dramatic and tragic poses, and said in sepulchral tones: "Alas! another poor soul gone to his last account."

I remember, too, a Noël Coward first night between the wars. It was an evening when everything went wrong. Curtains rose prematurely, revealing little men in shirt-sleeves and bowler-hats scuttling hurriedly for the wings, actors fluffed their lines or missed their cues. The climax came when Noël Coward placed an elbow elegantly and negligently on the mantelpiece of the set. It came away, plus all the ornaments on it, with an appalling crash. Without turning a hair, Noël looked at the audience and said: "I always like to bring down the house on first nights."

EXCLUSIVE SPRING MODEL
(Genuine Squirrel)

Bushy *by Hargrave*

THE Northern Irish Unionists have the task of finding someone to replace the late Sir Walter Smiles, who lost his life in the sinking of the ferry steamer. Although Ulster Unionist majorities are tremendous, Northern Ireland is a long way from Westminster, and it is not always easy to find suitable candidates. There are, of course, certain essential prerequisites in any such candidate, of which the most important is that he should have the right views as to what to do with the Pope. In fact, Ulster politics are based on the fine old Orange cry: "To hell with the Pope!" Two stories in this connection have always delighted me. One was that of the Ulster contingent which was fighting in Italy in the last war. One morning the commanding officer addressed the parade, and said: "I think you might like to know that the Allied troops this morning entered Rome—the eternal city." At which the true voice of Portadown from the rear rank was heard to ask anxiously: "And did they get him?"

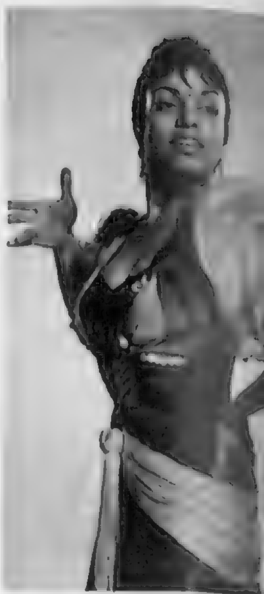
The other I heard told of the late Lord Carson, F. E. Smith, and a leading Protestant minister, travelling together in a train in Ulster before World War I. They were agreeing on the absurdity of the papistical superstition that there was any such thing as hell. The only other occupant of the carriage was a little priest, who was quietly reading his office. At the next station the priest got out, then came back, put his head through the window, and said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, I am afraid I could not help overhearing your conversation, and I wondered if you would mind me asking just one question. If—as you may very well be right in supposing—there is no such thing as hell, do tell me—what are you going to do with His Holiness?"

I LIKED the touch of topicality introduced into the Stock Exchange Dramatic Society's special production of *Saloon Bar* recently. At one point a character entered the pub collecting money for a band that had been playing outside, and another character asked him if he was collecting for a hospital. To which a third replied: "You ought to go and try the Stock Exchange." For the performance was a pleasing gesture on the part of a senior branch of private enterprise to a very junior one. The Stock Exchange actors were generously giving a performance in aid of the Kingston and Malden Victoria Medical Foundation. This is the successor to the little Kingston Vic "rebel" hospital, which for so long fought a gallant battle against the Goliath of bureaucracy. Unfortunately, on this occasion Goliath won, and their hospital was taken over. Now, however, they are raising funds to start a new cottage hospital, and are, I gather, within sight of being able to acquire a building. Last year the Stock Exchange Dramatic Society put on a version of *Miranda* for them, which made a handsome contribution. This year's performance should do at least as well. There must be something about the "House" which produces excellent actors. Certainly the other night the performance of the brokers, jobbers and their female relations was quite up to professional standards. One of the "veterans" in experience appeared in two different rôles. He is Mr. A. G. Allen, a jobber who has been a member for twenty years, and has appeared in sixty-nine productions. Early in the evening he was immaculate in tails as the front-of-the-house manager. In the last act, however, in an aged overcoat of which he was duly proud, he appeared as "a strange customer," and brought the house down by his polished performance during the minute or two that he was on the stage. In this rôle his name was printed on the programme as Jim Allen. The reason is this. Mr. Allen bears a close resemblance to the late J. H. Thomas, and ever since he first appeared in a Stock Exchange production twenty years ago, he has been nicknamed "Jim."

Lovely Scottish-born actress Maureen Swanson plays Lautrec's first love, Denise.

French actress Katherine Kath plays La Goulue, famous star dancer of the *Moulin Rouge*.

As the crippled artist's mother, Claude Nollier's interpretation is very moving.



Muriel Smith, singing star *South Pacific*, is realistic scornful as Aicha, the dance

Toulouse-Lautrec (Jose Ferrer) displays the famous poster to Zidler, the proprietor (Harold Kasket), Valentin Desosse (Walter Crisham), Aicha (Muriel Smith), La Goulue (Katherine Kath) and Jane Avril (Zsa-Zsa Gabor).

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A FAMOUS ARTIST

The film *Moulin Rouge*, due to open at the Carlton, Haymarket, on Friday, March 13, movingly portrays the bitter-sweet life-story of the crippled French artist, Toulouse-Lautrec. The film's background is the gayest of all Parisian night haunts in the latter part of last century, for it was at the *Moulin Rouge* that Toulouse-Lautrec found friendship; his glass is kept filled with cognac while he sketches on the table-cloth the panorama of life that passes before him. One day the proprietor, Zidler, idly suggests that Lautrec should design a poster for the *Moulin Rouge*. He does, and overnight becomes famous when hundreds of copies of the poster are plastered all over Paris. He falls in love with a street girl, Marie Charlet, but she confesses later that she has only pretended to love him to get money for her lover. Then Lautrec meets Myriamme, but remembering Marie, is afraid to show his regard for her and loses her. He takes to drink, and the film ends with his death at his ancestral home, the Château of Albi

The crippled artist arrives intoxicated at an exhibition of his paintings, horrifying many of the viewers, who are already quite shocked enough by his daring pictures of scantily-clad women which line the walls of the salon.

Collette Marchand as Marie Charlet who was the artist's great destroying love.

Lovely Suzanne Flon Myriamme who was Toulo Lautrec's last great love

Marie Charlet, evading the police, runs to the artist for protection and begs him to let her stay at his flat. He agrees, and there she has her first bath "in a real bath-tub."

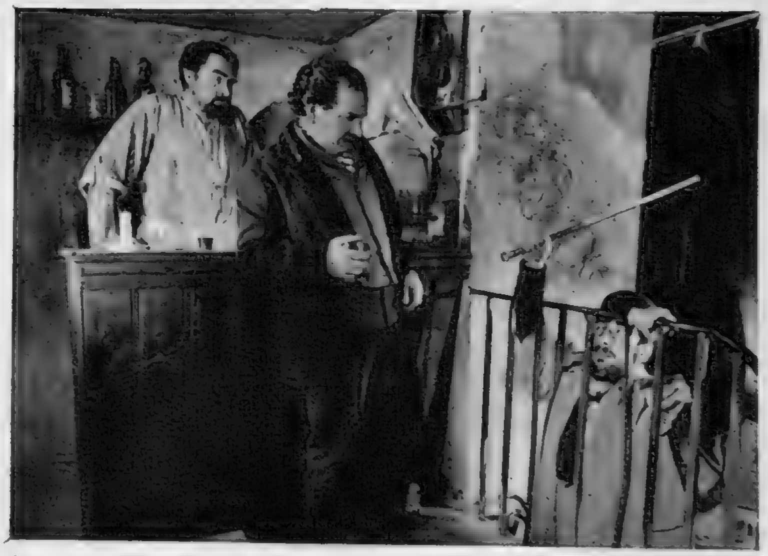
Their life together is turbulent, and eventually Lautrec orders Marie out. Without her he takes to drink, and eventually goes in search of her, but when he finds her she reviles him and refuses to return.

Symbolic of the famous old Parisian dance hall, the *Moulin Rouge*, are these Can-Can girls with their frilled blouses, swirling skirts, black stockings and plumed hats.

In one of the fights between the rival dancers, Aicha lifts La Goulue by her famous topknot.

Zsa-Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril who enchants the audience with her song, "It 's April Again."

The lovely Jane Avril takes Toulouse-Lautrec with her to Paquin's to see a new gown, modelled by Myriamme. She introduces them, unaware that they have met before.



Toulouse-Lautrec is gradually drinking himself to death, and here, when the barman refuses to serve him with any more absinthe, he threatens to break everything in the place.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE SINGER NOT THE SONG. By Audrey Erskine Lindop. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS. By Roger Peyrefitte. (*Thames and Hudson ; 12s. 6d.*)

OBIT DELAYED. By Helen Nielsen. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

SEVEN FRIENDS. By Louis Marlow. (*Richards Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THERE is an elementary quality about Audrey Erskine Lindop's novel *The Singer Not the Song*. Quite openly and without subtle complications, she lines up forces of good and evil and sets them at war in a backward region of Mexico. The champion of good is a pleasant young Irish priest, Father Keogh, a commonplace type who would have been shocked to hear himself called heroic, and never realises that he is doing more than his duty. Evil is represented by a very Lucifer, a cold-blooded, beautiful young man called Anacleto, whose actions are inspired by an icy hatred for all living beings except cats. "It is not kindness that makes him like that," writes Father Keogh's predecessor, a priest who has failed in his struggle with Anacleto. "He has no kindness in him. In the village they say that when the moon is full he turns into a giant white cat and roams the mountainside. It is not as superstitious and as absurd as it sounds. Anacleto has something in common with cats. He has their uncanny insights and intuitions. They are the only living creatures for which he shows any respect, and he has one other thing in common with them. He likes best to play with his victims. He seldom kills outright." The long warfare between these two men, the one unarmed and without even the moral support of law and order, the other leader of a murderous gang and himself a ruthless killer, makes the suspenseful body of the book. There is a period when it seems that Father Keogh is the victor, and if he had been satisfied with the practical defeat of Anacleto and the imprisonment of his followers, he could certainly be said to have won. But he is more ambitious and means to save his opponent's soul, and this costs him his life. The story is supremely well told, and it is to Miss Lindop's credit that not one of her characters, good or evil, is a bore. A novel to remember.

WELL translated from the novel *Les Ambassades*, which has had a *succès de scandale* in France, M. Roger Peyrefitte's *Diplomatic Diversions* must stand in England on its own merits, since few of its references to living diplomatists and statesmen which roused much glee in Paris will mean anything to English readers. It is an amusing book, but its gaiety, like its central character, is a little self-conscious and precious, while its author seems to be chuckling at his own cleverness. Its pedigree is by *South Wind* out of *Decline and Fall*, and its keynote of absurdity is held for a trifle too long. A young Frenchman of good family is sent as Second Secretary to his country's Embassy in Athens, and is shown the sights and diversions of the place by a confrère. Later he meets two unctuous characters, Armenian and Lebanese respectively, who show him other diplomatic diversions of a more ambiguous kind. He has a rather meaningless love-affair with the daughter of his own chief and an earnest and sentimental friendship with a young German. Finally, he is involved in a scandal as ridiculous as the rest of his experiences and is sent home. Much of the story is merely flippant and some frankly maudlin, but there is sagacity of a kind and moments of real humour. I read it with somewhat nettled enjoyment.

Miss Beryl Sleigh, mezzo-soprano, who was blinded in an air raid during the war whilst she was serving in F.A.N.Y., will be giving a recital of songs next Monday, March 16, at the Salle Erard, 18, Great Marlborough Street, W.1, under the auspices of the Circle of International Art, a society which exists to promote friendship between artists of all countries. She will be singing songs by Haydn, Caldara, Schubert, Brahms, Gurney and Quilter. Miss Sleigh, who made a recent concert tour of South Africa, has sung at a number of concerts in worthy causes since her return.

THAT kind of "whodunit" which makes the story of discovery a dramatic and dangerous one rather than mere puzzle-solution, is cleverly handled by Helen Nielsen in her new novel *Obit Delayed*. In this the finding of the corpse of a blonde seems at first no more than a trivial event in a newspaperman's day, in spite of the fact that she had died "horribly." But circumstances at his office force Mitch Gorman to take an interest, and before long he is hell-for-leather on the track, among the usual crowd of night-club proprietors, gangsters, policemen, reporters, dope addicts and pedlars who seem to make up the cast of a crime novel in America. The detective, in other words, instead of being a detached, unworldly being of superhuman perspicacity, becomes the hero of events in which the crime he is investigating is only a starting-point, and his actions, dangers, discoveries and contacts make an exciting story. The puzzle is there and the solution a reasonable one not easily foreseen, but the reader wants to know what is going to happen next rather than what happened on the night of the crime. It must be said at once that Miss Nielsen does this kind of thing brilliantly, and her hard-bitten salty language suits her theme. Her books are short and breathless; they are to be read, and seem almost to have been written, at a sitting, but they are stamped with competence. This is her third and best.

THE publishers call Mr. Louis Marlow's *Seven Friends* a series of portraits, but the essays contained in this book do not attempt to portray so much as recollect discursively and kindly a septet of interesting men. Mr. Marlow never met Wilde, but corresponded with him during his last years, and now prints some unpublished letters of Wilde's to himself and another correspondent. Of Frank Harris, the subject of his second sketch, he says "he was the most remarkable literary blackguard of almost any century," a rather wild piece of exaggeration about a man as small and sordid as Harris, but he is more illuminating on another charlatan, Aleister Crowley, in whom he saw good and picturesque qualities unnoticed by other critics. It is when he comes to the three Powys brothers that Mr. Marlow is at his best, for he writes with deep affection and insight on them and their work. He opens with some facts about the amazing Powys family; in addition to the John Cowper, Theodore Francis and Llewelyn, another brother, A. R. Powys, wrote books on architecture, yet another, Littleton Powys, published an autobiography of much interest, a sister Gertrude is a painter, Philippa a poet, and Marian is a leading expert on lace and has written a book about it. Mr. Marlow's last essay is on Mr. Somerset Maugham, about whom he has some good and revealing stories. All these sketches, it must be remembered, are, as the title of the book proclaims, of the author's friends, but the view presented of them is not prejudiced or fawning: it is fraternal and honest.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE CROWN PRINCESS.
By Brigid Brophy. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

HEADS I WIN.
By Quentin Downes. (*Wingate ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE SUDDEN VIEW.
By Sybille Bedford. (*Gollancz ; 18s.*)
An exceptionally intelligent and imaginative interpretation of Mexico.

A DECORATOR'S NOTEBOOK.
By Derek Patmore. (*Falcon Press ; 12s. 6d.*)
Some useful notes on interior decorating; emphasis on colour schemes.

MOROCCAN MOSAIC.
By Ethel Mannin. (*Jarrolds ; 15s.*)
Two Englishwomen travel Spanish and French Morocco, and observe on Arab nationalism.

LAWNSWOOD CHRONICLES.
By David Gunston. (*Harrap ; 16s.*)
A collection of pleasant essays and notes on rural matters and familiar country people.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
By Jeanine Delpech. (*Elek ; 18s.*)
A new and able life of Louise de Kerouaille, the Breton-born mistress of Charles II., who was hated in England as a French secret agent.

Joan Crawford, as we knew her at the start of her career, wearing an outfit designed by Howard Greer.

Hedda Hopper "before she dipped her pen into the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Rita Hayworth models one of her favourite Greer dresses, a huge-patterned, brightly-coloured print dance dress.

Gloria Vanderbilt, here with Mr. Greer and a fitter, has always been very meticulous over the details of every new dress created for her.

"DESIGNING MALE"

Howard Greer has written a book under this title which is being published to-day, March 11 (Robert Hale ; 16s.), about his career as a dress-designer for Hollywood's top stars, and on this page we reproduce a few of the illustrations from this witty and zestful account of a place and period that are an unfailing source of interest to our generation—a glittering era whose like we shall probably never see again. With wonderful humour, Mr. Greer has carefully tailored his book to suit his readers, and the whole is as well-designed as any of his "creations."

Guests always enjoy the Spanish Room of the Spanish Embassy, with its magnificent ceiling of beams, the characteristic fireplace and the rich carpets in keeping with the old-fashioned armchairs and settees. The envoy, the Duke of Primo de Rivera (*third from right*), is discussing matters with the senior members of the staff.

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

4.—THE DUKE OF PRIMO DE RIVERA

(Ambassador from Spain)

Their Excellencies enjoy a game of canasta. What? All the jokers in one hand?

Her Excellency the Duchess of Primo de Rivera often retires to her private sitting-room to deal with her voluminous correspondence. In this room are some of the gems she has collected and brought to make "home."

In two years the Ambassador has made a large number of friends in every circle in Great Britain. He is fond of riding and shooting, and is remembered in Spain as one of the most progressive Ministers of Agriculture.

COMMANDING the almost regal Belgrave Square is the palace at No. 24—the mansion of priceless tapestries, carpets and rare vases, over which presides the envoy of Franco Spain, the quiet-voiced, youngish, imperturbable Duke of Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella and Grandee of Spain. In two difficult years in London he has achieved a considerable personal triumph, largely because of the skill with which he has paddled a highly individual canoe.

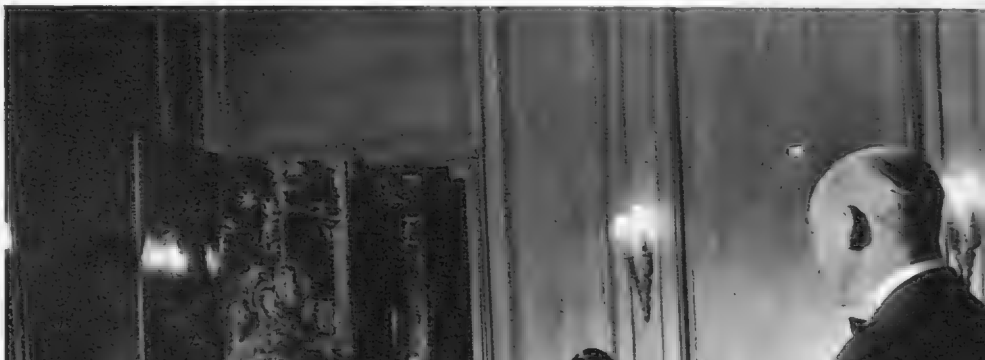
Primo de Rivera smiles . . . but the eyes betray, at 49, prolonged, life-stirring knowledge of the other side of the coin of Fate . . .

Miguel Primo de Rivera y Saenz de Heredia was the second son of the Marquis de Estella. He studied law in Madrid and is Captain "de complemento" of the cavalry reserve. When his father's dictatorship—of which he is deeply proud—ended, the Republic confiscated all Miguel's property and that of his two brothers. The Duke shared exile with his father and was present when he died in Paris. In 1932 the Republicans put him in prison following the rising of General Sanjurjo. When the Popular Front won in 1936, the Duke was again sent to prison and remained till March 1939 a hostage to political chance, when, with British intervention, he was exchanged for a son of General Miaja.

During the first five months of his detention in Alicante, the Duchess, gracious, tall, sweet-dispositioned Margarita Larios y Fernandez de Villavicencio, his sister Carmen Primo de Rivera, and his Aunt Maria, the sister of the Marquis de Estella, shared life behind bars.

Fate smiled again after the victory of General Franco. Primo de Rivera was now head of the Provincial Government of Madrid and its civil Governor. In 1941 he began a series of imposing experiments as Minister of Agriculture, an office he held until 1945. Later he became Mayor of Jerez de la Frontera, his father's birthplace and seat of the family summer residence. Franco created the hereditary title of Primo de Rivera for Miguel's brother, Jose Antonio, who was shot by Republicans in November, 1936.

Primo de Rivera entertains carefully and modestly. At his parties he is the patient host, watching with matchless interest the moves of his guests—for who knows, any one of them may have had a surfeit of one side or the other of that coin of Fate.



The major dining-room at the Spanish Embassy, where the Mission's celebrated silver-plate is being laid by butler and footmen. The plain panelling is one of the features of the dining-room.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Julius Cæsar

(Old Vic)

IT is odd that there have been so few *Cæsars* in London since the last Old Vic revival during 1936 (Ion Swinley's Antony must live in the minds of everyone who heard it). But at Stratford a few seasons ago we had John Gielgud's now famous Cassius, so Hugh Hunt's Vic production—the last of his present series in Waterloo Road—had something to compete with in the collector's memory.

On the whole it proved to be a triumphant evening. Cæsar was praised, not buried. The tragedy was not carved for a Roman holiday. Mr. Hunt used a very full text. He did cut Caius Ligarius and, later, the meddling poet—not that many minded this—but he did not shy away from the brutal mob-murder of that other poet, the other Cinna, which Granville-Barker described once as "a scene which the average modern producer takes great care to cut." We thrust straight through the play, from the Feast of Lupercal to the last salute to the dead Brutus (with only Octavius Cæsar refraining); and Hugh Hunt never pulled us up at a producer's eccentricity, an obtrusive decoration here, an odd cut there. All was plain and clear, though at times some of us may have found the Alan Tagg costumes unimpressive. "The way of the Renaissance painters with classical subjects gives us the hint we need," said Granville-Barker, but whatever one may say about laundries and Turkish baths, for this tragedy the All-White school of Alma-Tadema has its points.

Let me get over the objections first. Very few. Helen Cherry's Portia is too mild for Cato's daughter; Mr. Hunt might vouchsafe a little blood now and again (the daggers are almost scrubbed in their cleanliness); and Douglas Campbell cannot persuade us—much of the fault is Shakespeare's—that the dull fellow stabbed in the Senate House is, in fact, Cæsar of the "conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils." Mr. Campbell doubles Julius and Octavius; he sees the nephew as an uncommonly arrogant young man; it is a good idea to let him keep his hand coldly at his side while "the noblest Roman of them all" is borne from the field of Philippi.

For the rest, praise. Robin Bailey does not present Antony as a high Roman blazon. The man is an opportunist: his speech is a demagogue's delight. Mark Antony feels Cæsar's loss keenly; but he does not let grief unman him: rather, his wit is sharpened. The Forum speech is subtly timed and tuned. At the last, when Antony says to the servant of Octavius, "Belike they had some notice of the people, how I had moved them," we feel in this a certain artistic satisfaction. The scene is followed by Mr. Hunt's uncompromising treatment of the horrors of mob-law, the lynching of the poetaster (acted well by John Warner), and the smoke-and-flame of a Rome on fire.

William Devlin, once a redoubtable Cassius, is now the "gentle Brutus," nobly spoken and worthy of the last epitaph. Paul Rogers seeks so scrupulously to live up to Cæsar's opinion of Cassius that, here and there, he masks the excitement of the part. But the actor has a piercing mind. Little is missed: at the end we can understand Brutus's tribute, "Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you shall see me pay." Earlier, the Quarrel Scene is sparked off rightly. Mr. Hunt has dealt cunningly with all the last battle-pieces, the sword-runnings, the farewells, the dispersal of the conspirators.

A few last salutes: to William Squire for his nerve-taut Casca; to Yvonne Coulette for establishing a character in Calpurnia's single scene; to Terry Wale for his unflurried boy-Lucius; and to Tanya Moiseiwitsch for the extreme simplicity of sets that have re-created for us the spirit of "the antique Rome."

The Way of the World

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

ALL can agree about the lustre of Congreve's prose. And most people will have no hesitation in calling the plot as dull a tangle as any known in a major play. We left the Lyric, Hammersmith (where a famous 1924 revival restored the comedy to the general mind), with the usual post-Congreve feeling, but also with a strange feeling of emptiness. The truth is that Dame Edith Evans has spoiled us for any revival in which she does not appear. In these days we set her voice—that enchanted, lazy drawl—to the lines of Millamant, and other tones of hers, the peevish squawk, to Wishfort's impatient fretting. It is unfair, I admit, to let the past swoop into the present; but Dame Edith, as both aunt and niece, has taken *The Way of the World* for her own; and I should be heartily surprised if, on being whirled back to the Restoration in some time-machine, I did not find the Evans voice sounding in St. James's Park, and wherever ladies of fashion might gather.

In John Gielgud's present revival, Millamant is Pamela Brown, and Wishfort is Margaret Rutherford. Miss Brown uses all her edged intelligence. We feel that a touch from her would cut. Technically, her diction is superb; but she is not the Millamant who might by degrees dwindle into a wife: there should be more languishing here. Mr. Gielgud, himself the Mirabell, knows the Congrevean rhythm, and by now—less subdued, no doubt, than on the first night—he will be ruling the theatre: vocally, we could have no better Mirabell. I am afraid dear Margaret Rutherford was not born for Restoration comedy. Visually, she is, as ever, a joy, built of pinkish sugar: after pointing aptly the first scene with Peg (Charlotte Mitchell) she fades: the character needs a more sustained thrust.

Paul Scofield, as the giggling Witwoud, is our heart's delight: a long way from Richard the Second, but those who remember the young Scofield at Stratford, going from Hamlet and Troilus to Armado and Cloten and the Clown in *The Winter's Tale*, will never be surprised by anything he may do. Brewster Mason is riotously up from Stratford; Eileen Herlie deals capably with her contralto Marwood; and one of the evening's most permanent memories will be the Mrs. Fainall of Pauline Jameson, an actress with a sure sense of style and an entire lack of fuss. Costumes by James Bailey; and, throughout, the evidence of John Gielgud's unassailable taste.

The Father

(Arts Theatre Club)

WHATEVER the play is or is not, it is certainly relentless. Strindberg was in no mood for letting us have a pleasant evening; for allowing us to relax gently in our seats. This is not the Theatre of Entertainment. It is a tragedy of intellectual Man beaten down by ruthless Woman; the old Strindbergian cry, the scream of the misogynist. And I must confess (many will join me here) that when, at the end of the second act, the Captain dashes the lamp at his diabolical wife, I applaud him silently but warmly.

Wilfrid Lawson—strangely for an actor of his force—is not a lamp-thrower; and at the Arts première the second act suddenly petered out. But elsewhere this is a magnificent performance. We have missed Lawson from the stage for a long time; it is a pleasure to see him back among us, and in his most powerful mood, the actor whose John Brown, Volpone and (in Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before*) Walter Ormund, are three unshakeable memories of the theatre. He presents Adolph in *The Father*—newly adapted by Max Faber—with a scorching concentration. From the restrained first act—too many players in this part make the mistake of striking twelve too soon—Lawson, except for his one lapse, works steadily on our nerves. I have not known the strait-jacketing done better. The house rose at him when the night was over, and with reason. Beatrix Lehmann finds all that Strindberg put into the "detested kite," Laura. Others in the cast stand by; but the occasion is a battle between Man and Woman. You must decide for yourselves whether it is high tragedy or just strong drama: the main thing now is that it has brought Wilfrid Lawson home. Peter Cotes has produced under the blanket of the dark; he can argue that there is little light in the piece, and who will say that he is wrong?

PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE next Old Vic Hamlet is likely to be the young Welshman, Richard Burton, who will have Claire Bloom as his Ophelia (a part she acted with both Scofield and Helpmann at Stratford in 1948). But that is looking to next season. Meanwhile, Robert Donat will appear at the Vic on March 31 as Becket in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, most acclaimed of modern verse plays and not a stranger to the Vic. This is a year for Mr. Eliot, whose new piece, *The Confidential Clerk*, arrives at Edinburgh in August.

COMING-OF-AGE

The 21st season in the new Memorial Theatre begins at Stratford-upon-Avon next Tuesday (March 17) with *The Merchant of Venice* (Michael Redgrave as Shylock; Peggy Ashcroft as Portia): Denis Carey, director of the Bristol Old Vic, produces. On Tuesday week, March 24, Glen Byam Shaw directs *Richard the Third*, with Marius Goring's Richard (the first time he has acted the part), Harry Andrews as Buckingham, and Yvonne Mitchell as Lady Anne. This year's season lasts for thirty-three weeks; Stratford expects a record attendance of 360,000 visitors from London, the provinces and abroad. During its seventy-four years, the Stratford Theatre has staged every play but one in the Folio, and one (*Pericles*) outside it. The exception is the "blood bath" rarity of *Titus Andronicus*, which this week the Marlowe Society and A.D.C. is doing at Cambridge. On Sunday and next Tuesday another, and longer, version—under Wilfrid Grantham—will be broadcast in the Third Programme.

A HACKETT REVIVAL

H. B. Irving played in Walter Hackett's *The Barton Mystery* at the Savoy in 1916. Kenneth Kent is now reviving it on tour, before a London production, with himself, Mary Merrall, Ronald Ward and Patricia Plunkett in important parts.

ANNIVERSARY

To-morrow (March 12) the New Theatre, one of the most distinguished in London, reaches its golden jubilee. It was the second of two theatres (Wyndham's being the other) built for Sir Charles Wyndham, and it was nearly called the Sheridan. The New has been long administered by Sir Bronson Albery. During recent years it has known such excitements as the Olivier-Richardson season of the Vic. A picture of Yvonne Arnaud in *Dear Charles* appears on page 203.

GETTING AROUND

On April 4, at the King's, Hammersmith (where his season continues until mid-June), Donald Wolfit will present *The Wandering Jew* for three weeks. . . . Clifford Mollison will succeed Peter Ustinov next Monday (March 16) in *The Love of Four Colonels* at Wyndham's. . . . Heinrich Sutermeister's opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, will have its English première to-morrow night (March 12) at Sadler's Wells.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

WELCOME HOME

Wilfrid Lawson is an actor who should not be away from the West End. Before he opened at the Arts on February 26 as the Captain in Strindberg's *The Father*, he had been absent from London—except for a short run at the Mercury in 1947—for nearly ten years. The first-night audience at the Arts gave him a great welcome home. Admiring the steady burning power of his performance—he is seen above in the third act passage before the Captain's final overthrow—many watchers recalled the savage gusto of his Volpone at Malvern, and the theatrical imagination that fired all his London work from, say, John Brown in *Gallows Glorious* to Shaw's Boss Mangan. Lawson is a Bradford man, born in 1900; he was an air pilot during the last year of the 1914-1918 war (and he served again with the R.A.F. between 1939 and 1942). From 1919 to 1929 he acted more than 400 parts in "stock" and "repertory," and it was this that supplied the foundation for his London triumphs of the 'thirties, and for the excitements we can now expect again.

FEB. 18.—The Duke of Edinburgh, attending the Jubilee Dinner of the Land Agents' Society at London's Park Lane Hotel, greeted and talked with many of the guests. Here his Royal Highness chats with Miss Sybil Doe and Miss Margaret Hale (*right*).

FEB. 19.—The Duchess of Kent leaves Victoria Station by the night ferry for a short holiday in Paris where she visited her sister, Princess Paul.

FEB. 19.—The Duke of Edinburgh talking with American teachers, in England under the Exchange Scheme, during his visit to the Commonwealth H.Q. of the English-Speaking Union

FEB. 24.—The Duke of Gloucester examining with much interest the projectile of a Bazooka—which, it was announced recently, has now become a standard weapon for British infantry—when he inspected the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at the Colchester Barracks.

FEB. 24.—Watched by her proudly-smiling seniors, Miss Eunice Davis, of British Guiana, is decorated with a British Red Cross Society three-years service badge by the Princess Royal. This was one of the many engagements performed by her Royal Highness on her recent visit to the West Indies.

FEB. 27.—Sir Alexander Cadogan welcomes the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they arrive at Broadcasting House for the first radio "Command Show." Later they went to Maida Vale to see the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

FEB. 27.—At the annual general meeting of the Club Cricket Conference the retiring president, Mr. F. L. Dolman, introduces the new president of the C.C.C., Mr. Len Newman, to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Occasions Front

FEB. 21.—With Major-Gen. Heath (*centre*) and Major Renfold, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watch the United Services point-to-point Coronation Cup race at Larkhill.

FEB. 22.—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving ancient Wilton Parish Church after the morning service. They spent the week-end as guests of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke.

FEB. 24.—The Duchess of Gloucester makes friends with shy Peter, two, and Sandra, five, whose proud father, Marine Leslie Wright, had just arrived home from service in the Far East aboard H.M.S. *Kenya*.

FEB. 25.—In the early spring sunshine, Princess Margaret smiles prettily as she arrives at Earl's Court to visit the British Furniture Exhibition.

FEB. 25.—The smiling Duke of Edinburgh, now an air pilot himself, chats happily with air aces of the past at the Royal Aero Club in Piccadilly, at the presentation of the Britannia Challenge Trophy for 1952. On the right is Sir Alan Cobham and next him, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft.

FEB. 26.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, paying a visit to the City of London Yeomanry, smiles sweetly as six-year-old Lesley Davies presents a bouquet.

MARCH 2.—The Queen inspecting the exhibits displayed on the Australian Government stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

MARCH 4.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother went down to Cheltenham for the second day of the meeting and is seen here with Lord Willoughby de Broke, National Hunt Committee Steward.

MARCH 4.—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went to the Albert Hall for the concert in aid of flood relief. Lord Pender met her on arrival.

the Royal Diary

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

SPRING FASHIONS *versus* SPORT

IN the pursuit of sport I have found myself in many peculiar surroundings, but never yet have I felt like a stranger on a butterfly farm. That was my lot recently when, against my better judgment, I attended a mannequin parade. Normally I do not classify such occasions as sporting events, either outside or inside. I was there under protest to see the spring fashions in sportswear. There is something terrifying about a herd of females. I was flanked on one side by a pair of shapely legs and an overdressed body topped by a pair of limp, Slavonic eyes; on the other by a female who possessed gender but no sex, and incisive features bound in stale parchment; in front sat a woman who had reached the time of life when the years lap the forty mark, but never quite get there. I looked round the room. As far as I could see, I was the only complete man present. Never have I seen such apathetic women, inexpressive dowds whose idea of sport was certainly not mine.

I turned my attention to the mannequins. To start with, I made a natural mistake. I assumed that they were human. Very quickly I realised that here was a new sub-division of the female species. A living fashion-plate glided into a pool of gold. I was fascinated by the rhythmic body, the tilted neck, provocative eyes, eloquent limbs and slow, caressing smile. The face was a magnet, the eye an invitation. Instinctively I thought that here was the real Maupassant gamine, the personification of what the mediævalists portrayed in stained glass and wood-carving as Luxury. I was so busy appreciating an artist of such consummate coquetry that I overlooked what she was holding in her hand. Quite clearly the object was strange to her fingers. It was a golf-club. I know that at the first touch of spring, wardrobes become threadbare, but a golfer would need to be desperate to think of appearing on the first tee in such a flamboyant creation.

I know nothing at all about the technicalities, but from a masculine viewpoint . . . and after all a golf links is primarily a man's domain . . . the colour was too loud, the skirt was too tight, and the neckline too low. Brevity may be the soul of lingerie, but there are occasions when the Plimsoll-line can be too low on a green. It's hard enough to play the game at any time without importing distractions. The next golf creation had specially concealed pleats in the back to allow for greater freedom in the backswing and follow-through. A languorous model with spaniel-eyes attempted a swing to demonstrate this feature. It would have been unnecessary in her case, for it is doubtful whether the club would ever have made contact with the ball, but a small point like that had no deterring effect on the silky-voiced interpreter who acted as commentator.

The tennis fashions were more revealing. After the first few minutes I was amazed that man could imagine there is anything he does not know about the opposite sex. It was all very well for Oscar Wilde to say that there are only two kinds of women—the plain and the coloured. He should have been at the parade. Within the short space of an hour my education had been broadened and eyesight tested. Here were aspects of sport that had endless possibilities. The only sobering reflection was an inability to imagine these creations on the women before whom these sophisticated models postured and deployed their charms. I suppose many present were keen lawn-tennis players, but only a handful could have donned such frothy garments without a major disaster.

It was an amusing experience, not to be repeated, but certainly not to be forgotten. It proved conclusively how vastly different are male and female shoppers. Women are extroverts, men are furtive. We are not shameless in our vanity. Our shops are not ostentatious. We change in some dark recess. Our shirts, socks and ties are stored away in modest fashion. If we want sports clothes, the emphasis is on comfort rather than appearance, though I suppose I am a poor judge for I have a healthy disregard for sartorial convention. We are far more sensible than women. Study some of the sports pictures of the 'twenties and ask any woman why her sex favoured cloche hats, short skirts and chests so flat as to be unreal. The reply is that it was the fashion. Let the fair sex pour scorn on our sober tastes for occasions sporting, but at least we have not had to contort ourselves into absurd shapes. Maybe some wise individual will say that in this respect we run counter to Nature. At this time of the year the male animal is a riot of colour, whilst the female is sober and demure. I know that man has been described as an animal who drinks when he isn't thirsty and makes love all the year round. If we followed some arguments to their logical conclusion, alcohol and clothes would be removed, love-impulses would become seasonal and males would attempt to impress females not by a crushing forehand drive, but with dazzling colour schemes.

Some years ago in the United States a competition was introduced, after a championship, for the best-dressed golfer. The idea did not catch on in this country. It is difficult to visualise a competition, after the Test Match against the Australians at Lord's, for the best-dressed cricketer, or a similar event at Twickenham for the nattiest Rugby player, after the Calcutta Match. A well-known golfer appeared on an English links not long ago in deep-flapped pockets, square-skirted coat, long waistcoat, coloured shirt and bell-bottomed trousers. His excuse was that he wanted to brighten the course. In one sense he succeeded, but in so doing overlooked the fact that few people, apart from rural deans and an occasional bishop, look good in trousers cut saucy over the trotters.

Possibly the most harmless channel open to men on this Brightness Campaign is to sport one's colours. I know that some ties are so repulsive that to look at them invokes a shudder, but the severe beauty of others is indeed pleasing to the eye—such as the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, the M.C.C., or the Hawks. But there are others so alike as to be almost identical, e.g., Old Rugbeians and Old Cliftonians.

A further complication occurs in the case of those who do not wear ties. It reminds me of a provision made in a will some time ago that no incumbent was to be appointed to a certain living who did "not approve of hunting, shooting, football, and the other manly sports." I wonder what lay behind the testator's wishes. Had he in his youth to sit underneath a cleric who frowned upon such activities as unsuitable for members of his calling, or had he encountered a dignitary like Bishop Berkeley, who "destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained after his time, but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737." On the other hand, he may have been an admirer of Sidney Smith, and agreed with his views that what bishops like best in their clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner. His eye may have been attracted by that sad line "a curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a curate." The testator may have decided that once this mild individual reaches the status of vicar he must gain the admiration of his parish by manly prowess. Perhaps he felt compassion by the thought: How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is: "I will see you in the vestry after service."

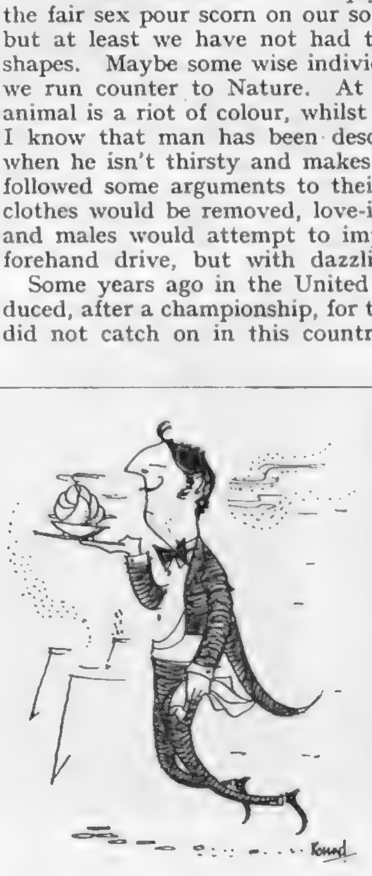
Whatever motives lie behind the provision, I can only say that the ideal candidate will shortly be available in the person of the young Test cricketer, David Sheppard, who will soon be taking Holy Orders.

GASTRO—LYRIC

By Justin Richardson

Savoy Cabbage

"Avanti Savoia!" to an Italian waiter does *<u>not</u> mean "Bring me the cabbage," dear translator*



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. JAMES O. HALL : For making a cricketing virtue of " butter fingers."

Mr. Hall, a New Zealander who lives at Hampstead, teaches at Harrow School of Art and is a keen cricketer himself, worked in a very cold room to produce this striking sculpture—" rival cricketers "—in Australian butter. Is there just a touch of W. G. Grace in the beard of that lion, and of Sir Donald in the kangaroo's engaging grin ?

MISS YVONNE ARNAUD : For scoring a century with her captivating performance in *Dear Charles*.

Miss Arnaud has scored a great personal success in Alan Melville's highly popular comedy, which will have its 100th performance on March 16. This is a week of celebrations for the New Theatre, for in addition to the play's centenary, the theatre itself, which was opened in 1903 with a revival of *Rosemary*, completes its fiftieth year on March 12.

MISS VICKY EMRA : For proving that " dizzy " girls don't have to be dumb.

Miss Emra, who likes to be known as " Dizzy," was understudy to Hy Hazell at the London Casino. She is an expert linguist and speaks Italian, French and Spanish fluently. Here, she tries on a costume she will be wearing when she entertains the troops in the Canal Zone and Middle East.

MISS WINSOME BARTLETT : For her achievement in " making music " from scratch.

Miss Bartlett, of Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon, with the Clavichord she has built. Every detail is of her own construction, right down to the actual making of keys, the carved printing on the lid, and the tuning-pegs used in bringing the instrument to the correct pitch.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

FASHION AND THE ANNOUNCER

ONE of the most indispensable stocks-in-trade of the regular columnist is a good supply of mythical friends of either sex who can be relied upon for some quotation which is striking enough to give him an excuse for introducing the subject about which he wants to write. It is a little deception which does no one any harm and makes the article read more smoothly.

So when the Editor told us that this was to be a Spring Fashion Number of *The Sketch*, it was by inevitable coincidence that one of these friends should say to us, "the other day": "I simply can't understand why the B.B.C. and the leading fashion designers don't get together over the dressing of the women television announcers. Think of the sensation it would be if Mary Malcolm and Sylvia Peters were to appear each time in a different dress in the height of the very latest fashion. If they were lent, it wouldn't cost the B.B.C. a penny and it would be a wonderful boost for British *couture*."

(You will appreciate that these remarks have to contain a grain of truth in them, but yet be just slightly half-witted, so that the columnist can air his superior knowledge and develop his counter-argument with a virtuously superior air.)

In point of fact, this very idea *has* been put forward to us, before now, by various bright folk, and has not entirely escaped the B.B.C. itself. It has been turned down for a number of very sound reasons.

For a start, Mesdames Malcolm and Peters are announcers and not clothes-horses. They have very definite things to tell viewers about the programmes, and it would defeat their purpose if the audience were so staggered by their dresses that the announcements were only half-listened to.

Another reason lies in the fundamental quality of television itself. More than any other visual medium it is a *family entertainment*. You don't go out anywhere to see it; it comes to you, right in your own homes. That is why the B.B.C. chooses and develops its television announcers as the kind of people you would be glad to see if they rang the bell and dropped in to see you of an evening; friendly, cosy people with whom you could be at your ease. And as all kinds of homes are served by television, from Buckingham Palace to the humblest pre-fab, the aim is at the average home; which would be thrown into a pretty panic if it were suddenly to be visited by some Glamour Girl wearing a masterpiece straight from a leading designer.

As Clive Rawes, the Presentation Manager responsible for the announcers, said to us (Honest Injun!): "If Mary and Sylvia were too glamorous, it would inevitably lower a glass curtain between the average viewer and themselves. We don't want that to happen."

The fact that millions of viewers all over the British Isles regard these two young ladies as personal friends is a measure of the success of that policy. And it is only because they behave and appear as any well-mannered, well-dressed Englishwoman might.

At the same time, this matter of their appearance is no haphazard affair. Nor is it lost sight of that they are bound to have an influence on other women in the matter of dress. So, though you will never find them in The Very Latest Thing, their clothes will follow the line, style and cut of prevailing conservative fashion.

These dresses—which are bought by the B.B.C. and not the announcers—mostly come from the collections of the London Model House Group. To these displays go Mr. Rawes, Miss Bradnock, Mary Malcolm and Sylvia Peters. There they make notes of what is most suitable from the B.B.C. point of view and what the two ladies who have to wear the clothes will feel happy to appear in. (For they will never achieve that essential ease of manner unless they do feel happy in them.) Then, when a justifiable moment comes, these garments will be purchased to swell their already formidable wardrobe.

It must be appreciated that announcers' clothes, like everything else about television, are subject to a rigid budget, so that a constant supply of new models is quite out of the question. The "justifiable moments" have to be spread carefully over the year, and at the moment of writing none will occur before the Coronation and the next Radio Show. So, lady viewers, you are not likely to get any tips for Spring Fashions from the announcers.

But you may derive a hint or two from them in the matter of the latest trends in hair-styling and jewellery, for these are easier to keep right up to the mark. A very eminent West End *coiffeur* is responsible for the former, and you may have noticed that both Mary Malcolm's and Sylvia Peters' hair has been subtly re-styled recently. As regards jewellery, some of it is bought and some of it is lent on the "wear-it-for-one-night-and-return-it-the-next-day" principle. Again the accent is rather on the smart than the spectacular.

"PAPER BOAT"

WHEN the B.B.C. show amateur films on T.V. next month, it will be a novel experiment which should be of much interest to viewers. Twelve films are to be shown, spread over three separate one-hour programmes, which will be introduced by Mr. Roger Manvell, Director of the British Film Academy, who will discuss the merits and demerits of amateur film-making with two directors—one professional and one amateur.

One of the most interesting points in the making of these films is the remarkably small budget called for. Our picture shows members of the High Wycombe Film Society during the making of *Paper Boat*, which won an award as one of the "Ten Best" amateur films of the year. It was chosen to represent Britain at the U.N.I.C.A. International Festival at Luxembourg, and has been shown in several countries and was made, under the direction of Tony Rose with Robert Mead on camera, for a total cost of £40.

The plot is reminiscent of Renoir's *Partie de Campagne*, and is probably the most adult of all post-war films. Fine shades of feeling are conveyed with great economy but with sureness of touch, and the film is edited to a moving narrative rhythm linked with really excellent music.

The cast are all complete amateurs, so it is truly amazing that their combined efforts should result in such a sensitive production. In real life, the leading lady is a housewife, the leading man a commercial artist, the cameraman a farm tractor driver, and the story and script were written by another commercial artist and film publicist, Tony Rose.

Watching Brief

THERE has been quite a measure of complaint that the "non-political" broadcasts of Christopher Mayhew have leant somewhat pointedly to the left. This will be put right when a new series, given by Peter Smithers, Tory M.P., begins next Monday, March 16. These talks, with interlarded film sequences, bear the title of *As Others See Us*.

* * *

Shakespeare returns to television with *As You Like It* on March 15 and 19 with a stellar cast. It includes Margaret Leighton, Laurence Harvey, Walter Hudd, Henry Oscar, Isabel Dean, Roderick Lovell, Michael Hordern and Eliot Makeham. The production is by Campbell Logan.

* * *

On the grimmer side is Beverley Nichols' play *The Shadow of the Vine*, a domestic drama of alcoholism. This is on March 17, and will have Arthur Young and Catherine Lacey in the two main parts. Peter Cotes is producing.

* * *

For laughter we recommend the new series by Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss, called *Re-Turn It Up*, which begins on March 21 at monthly intervals for four programmes. As before, the producer is Michael Mills.

AT BALMORAL

This delightfully informal picture of the Royal family was taken recently at Balmoral. The Royal children love to play in the beautiful grounds, and here they are obviously eager to be done with posing. Her Majesty the Queen stops the flight of Princess Anne with a quiet word, while the Duke of Edinburgh lays a restraining finger on Prince Charles' shoulder.

From the Colour Transparency by Studio Lisa.

FIGHTING STALLIONS

This fine picture of stallions in the heat of battle is an excellent and representative example of the work of Raoul Millais. Lovers of animal paintings will have the opportunity of seeing the work of Mr. Millais and other artists in this vein in an exhibition to be held in London in July under the auspices of the Society of Animal Painters, Sculptors and Engravers, whose president is Sir Alfred Munnings. The Society was formed to encourage artists who interpret any form of animal life in graphic art, sculpture or pottery, and their exhibitions have created much interest among laymen and naturalists alike.

From the painting by Raoul Millais.

PART OF MY STOCK-IN-TRADE: *From the painting* by C. Spencelayh

FEB. 18.—SWITZERLAND COMES TO SCOTLAND. Miss Evelyn Scott (*left*) and Miss Elizabeth Campbell waxed their skis before setting off down Ben Lawers when the Scottish Ski Club held a handicap Slalom.

FEB. 18.—THE FLYING PRINCESS. Princess Margriet, ten-year-old daughter of Queen Juliana, about to enjoy a trip in one of the U.S. helicopters which have been helping in flood rescue work.

FEB. 18.—ENGLISH STATELY HOMES. Lady Norbury (*left*) was hostess at a Savoy cocktail party to launch a series of films featuring famous country houses. Lady Cunningham (*right*) appears in one film.

FEB. 21.—A BOUQUET FOR THE COUNTESS. Lord and Lady Dalkeith, recently back from their honeymoon, had their first public engagement since their marriage when they went to the final performance of Selkirk Amateur Operatic Society's production of *Veronique*.

FEB. 21.—UNDERGRADUATES GO "OVER THE STICKS." Looking fittingly windswept at the Bullingdon Hunt (Oxford University) Point-to-Point at Kirtlington were (*l. to r.*) Mr. Nicholas Fitzherbert, Coldstream Guards; Miss Mary Fitzherbert, Mr. Jock Pease and Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

FEB. 14.—From Ireland we heard that the President and Mrs. O'Kelly gave a huge reception in honour of Cardinal D'Alton, Ireland's first Cardinal for many years, who had just come back from Rome. Great waving branches of prunus, pink hyacinths and tulips decorated the inside of President House, once the Viceregal Lodge, in Dublin's Phœnix Park, and more than 800 people crowded through the five reception rooms. Members of the Diplomatic Corps included the British Ambassador Sir Walter Hankinson and Lady Hankinson, the Spanish Ambassador, whose decorations were exceedingly resplendent, with the Marquessa de Miraflores, and the Italian Minister and his charming wife. Representing the Law were Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore and Sir John and Lady Esmonde; others there were Lady de Freyne, General Liam Hayes, Chairman of the Irish National Stud, which recently bought *Tulyar*, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, the latter in coffee-and-black-striped voile, Professor Walton, of Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Leo Whelan, the Irish artist, who has several pictures hanging in President House, and many more. Major Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh and his wife came up from their lovely house at Borris, Co. Carlow; Lord Killanin brought his petite wife looking up-to-the-minute in a black taffeta top and swirling tulle skirt.

As the ladies left the party they notified an attendant, and as if by magic their respective cars appeared at the hall door from the car park. All done by a walkie-talkie!

FEB. 17.—Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, gave a very elegant six-to-eight party at Kensington Palace Gardens, in honour of M. Christian Dior, in London for a brief visit to launch the marketing of his creations over here. Mme. Massigli, hatless and strikingly chic in black and blue, stood with Lady Dudley, good-looking in black satin, to receive the guests in the spacious, tapestry-hung rooms. Among the smart people present were Lady Pamela Berry, the Duchess of Argyll, Mrs. John Ward and Mrs. Anthony Acton. Lady Melgund, one of last year's most attractive debs, when she was Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, looked as pretty as always in blue-grey; she came with her husband. Another young married couple there were Lord and Lady Westmorland.

FEB. 21.—There seemed to be a galaxy of Point-to-Points; no doubt the United Services Meeting at Larkhill, on draughty Salisbury Plain, considered itself the most important as the Queen and the Duke of

[Continued overleaf.

FEB. 23.—IN THE TROPICS. Just received from Ceylon this picture of Sir Lalita Rajapakse, Minister of Justice, and Lady Rajapakse, with their guest, Sir Harry Brittain (*left*), taken at the Prime Minister's bungalow in Nuwara Eliya. Sir Harry is holding his constant companion—his famous shooting-stick.

FEB. 24.—A MEDAL FOR THE DUCHESS. The Duchess of Marlborough shows her younger son, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, the C.B.E. she received from the Queen after the Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

FEB. 26.—WEDDING OF RICHMOND HERALD. Mr. Anthony Wagner, Richmond Herald, married Miss Gillian Graham at the Queen's Chapel, Marlborough Gate.

FEB. 26.—IRISH MEDICAL GOLFERS HAVE A NIGHT OUT. The Irish Medical Golfing Society gave a dinner at the May Fair Hotel. Mrs. F. H. Boland, the attractive wife of the Irish Ambassador, was sitting next to Colonel Michael Gordon Watson.

FEB. 27.—"MONTY'S" SON MARRIES. Mr. David Montgomery married Miss Mary Connell, daughter of Mr. C. Connell, shipping magnate, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow.

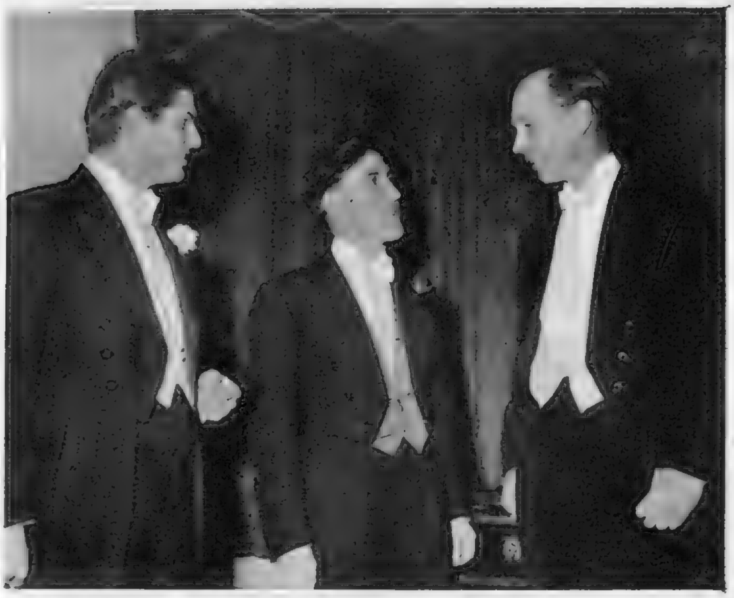
Our Social

Edinburgh went down for the occasion. The Queen looked charming in beaver coat and fur boots, and went round inspecting one or two jumps. Lord Wavell was talking to Major and Mrs. J. Morrison; Mrs. R. A. C. Harding and Mrs. C. McLellan were both getting a good view from the top of a Land-Rover, and Colonel and Mrs. Cooke-Hurle both wore stout-looking mackintoshes to keep off the chilly wind. Miss Judith Barker, Miss Mary Gray, Miss Victoria Barker, Mr. David Squarey and Mr. Derek Roberts made one of the many jolly young parties braving a picnic lunch in the open. The Misses Jennifer and Peggy Cuff looked very snug in sheepskin boots and duffle-coats.

Six inches of snow had unfortunately caused the Bullingdon to be cancelled the previous Saturday, but on this occasion there was a brisk wind which helped to make the going firm at Kirtlington Park, Mrs. Budgett's lovely home. There was a big surprise in the President's Cup, as none of the four starters—Lord Crawshaw and Mr. David Falconer, joint-Masters of the Hunt, Mr. Desmond Guinness, son of Lord Moyne, and Mr. Adam Kwaitowski (all are up at Christ Church)—finished. Spectators included Mr. Iain Maclachlan, President of Oxford University Conservative Association, Miss Ann Constantine, busy with a ciné-camera, and Mr. George Hughes-Hartman, balancing precariously on the roof of his car. Sighted in the refreshment tent were Miss Anne Bridge-Stewart, Count Otto Gluckwasser, over from Cambridge, and Miss Pamela Primrose-Watson.

Another good meeting was the Cambridge Harriers at Cottenham; among the riders in the very well-filled Open Race were Mr. P. Dixon Smith, on Mr. G. Martin's *Bold Robin*, Mr. David Jackson (*Pampas Star*) and Mr. P. W. Gow riding *Flapjack*. Mr. Marcus Marsh, the trainer, was having a word with Mr. J. K. Benson; others about were Mrs. Walter Wales, Mr. Dixon Smith and Colonel and Mrs. R. D. Cardiff; she is the daughter of Lord Newborough.

FEB. 24.—Went to a reception at the Savoy given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Norman Edwards, who seemed to spend most of the evening shaking hands with their very large number of guests. Mrs. Edwards wore a pretty iridescent gold and peacock brocade dress. The Bishop of Kensington came with his wife Lady Laura Eastaugh, who is a daughter of the Earl of Selborne. We noticed Earl Winterton, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Bromley, Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. Eastern Command, with Lady Erskine, and the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White. Lady White wore a most attractive dress of black and lilac striped taffeta, which she said came from Australia, like most of her clothes. Brigadier Sir Norman Gwatkin was talking to Sir Rupert de la Bère, Air Chief Marshal Sir William and Lady Dickson, the latter in a strikingly simple black velvet dress with a diamond ship brooch, were with Vice-Admiral T. B. Drew and Mrs. Drew, who was in green and silver. Major-General Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, came alone, as his wife had the 'flu.



FEB. 24.—CONSERVATIVE OCCASION AT OXFORD. Mr. Iain Maclachlan, the President of the Oxford University Conservative Association, gave a sherry party in honour of the Earl of Home (*right*), who has been Minister of State, Scottish Office, since 1951. On the left is Lord Stormont.

FEB. 26.—OFFICIAL OPENING. Mrs. Christopher Soames, daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, opened a block of Church Army flatlets for elderly people at Exeter. With her are (*l. to r.*) Mr. Roberts, the architect, Mr. Wayland, Mayor of Exeter, and the Rev. Sparrow.

FEB. 28.—WARMING-UP AT A POINT-TO-POINT. (*L. to r.*) Mr. Bill Pirie, Countess Sophie Soumarokoff-Elston, Miss Joan Redgrave and Mr. Ronald Gurney thought that a steaming cup of hot chocolate was a good idea between the races at this meeting of the Oxford drag.

MARCH 4.—LORD COWDRAY WEDS. Driving away after the wedding ceremony at the Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, are Viscount Cowdray and his bride, the former Miss Elizabeth Jackson.

Diary (contd.)

Lt.-General Sir Otto and Lady Lund, and the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, with Lady McGrigor, in grey taffeta, were a few of the many guests. The Arts were represented by Sir John and Lady Rothenstein; it was our second encounter with Sir John that day, having seen him earlier opening the Young Contemporaries fifth annual exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries. Sir Harry Brittain, ready for emergencies, brought his famous shooting-stick—thoughtfully carpet-trained with a rubber knob instead of a spike—but luckily there were plenty of chairs. Sir Harry, just returned from Ceylon, told us how he was recently involved in a mid-ocean collision when the liner in which he was a passenger collided with another in the Red Sea, as a result of which he was annoyingly taken 2000 miles out of his way.

FEB. 25.—Like spring flowers, this season's bunch of débutantes are beginning to show themselves; quite a few of them got together at the Berkeley Hotel to meet each other and talk about the Berkeley Débutante Dress Show, which is to be on April 15, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. The Organising Committee, consisting mainly of "mamas," had already had a meeting a few weeks before, but this was first time for the debs, some of whom will act as mannequins at the show. Looking round, we thought a likely choice for the wonderful bride's dress would be either Lady Rose Bligh, daughter of the Earl of Darnley, or Miss Gillian Cecil, Lord Burghley's daughter. Others enjoying a good gossip about things to come were Lady Jennifer Bernard, Miss Hazel Scott-Ellis, eldest daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, Miss Tomasina Geal, wearing little silver acorn earrings, Miss Francesca Fumusi, Miss Sarah Gore and Miss Sarah Parsons, two likely mannequins, and the Misses Cynthia and Mary Makins, very unlike twins. Mrs. John Ward, Chairman of the General Committee, kept a watchful eye on the young flock.

FEB. 26.—Tickets for the England Ball on May 14 are to be very reasonably priced at 2½ gns., which includes dinner and buffet, we heard at a Grosvenor House Committee meeting, when Lady Galway presided. Miss Rosemary Parker, Chairman of the Junior Committee, in a green tweed suit and wearing chunky jewellery, was discussing arrangements with fellow members Miss Erica Hobson and Miss Judith Shingler; she said that when she was in America before Christmas she did her best to persuade people there coming over to the Coronation not to miss this special ball in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

FEB. 27.—At Brimpton Grange, near Oxford, blazing log fires in a raftered barn made a cosy background for a jolly Reel Party arranged by the Brasenose Reeling Club. Mr. John Jackson was host, and among some of his young friends who came out from Oxford for a good warm-up on this bleak February evening were Mr. John Maddock, Mr. J. Campbell Penney, Mr. Julian Sutton, who is in the 11th Hussars, and Mr. Walter Marsh, cox of the Oxford Eight, while the feminine contingent included Miss Mary MacEwan, Miss Hermione Hansbury-Sparrow, Miss Marcella Ryan and Miss Jennifer Lucas.

THREE LOVELY CORONATION YEAR DÉBUTANTES

Above, left: Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, seventeen-year-old second daughter of the 14th Earl and the Countess of Lindsay and sister of Viscount Garnock, is to be presented at Court by her mother this month. Lady Mary is studying domestic science and is thoroughly enjoying her initiation into the arts and mysteries of keeping house.

Above, right: Miss Gillian Moyra Katherine Cecil, eighteen-year-old second daughter of Lord Burghley and Lady Mary Burghley, will also be presented by her mother this month. Her father is heir to the Marquess of Exeter and her mother was Lady Mary Theresa Montagu-Douglas-Scott, fourth daughter of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch.

Left: The Hon. Caroline Jean Lawson-Johnston, seventeen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Luke, is another who will make her début this month. She has three brothers: Arthur, who is heir to his father, Ian and George. Her mother, who will present her, was before her marriage Miss Barbara Fitzroy Hamilton Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe.

Photographed by Yevonde.

Photographed by Eric Coop.

CANADA'S LONDON HOSTESS

Tall, blue-eyed, with attractive silver-grey hair, Mrs. Henrietta Johanna Robertson, wife of Canada's High Commissioner, the Right Honourable Norman Robertson, is one of the busiest hostesses in the diplomatic coterie of London. Dutch-born, Mrs. Robertson was here with her husband when he held the Commission from 1946 to early 1949. She loves England, and her only regret is that, although her younger daughter Judith, aged ten, is at school in England, twenty-two-year-old Alix is unable to be here as she is finishing a course at Queen's University, in Canada. One very English characteristic Mrs. Robertson has—her love of dogs; when she returned with her husband last year to the charming Canadian Government official residence in Upper Brook Street, Mayfair, she brought her beloved French poodle with her.

There was much hilarity among the students arriving by stage coach at the Royal Festival Hall for the Royal Veterinary College Ball on February 27.

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE BALL

When a stage coach was held up in Aldwych on February 27 by a highwayman, who ordered its sixteen passengers to "Stand and deliver!", it marked the start of the festivities to celebrate the Royal Veterinary College Students' Union Society's 161st anniversary. This highwayman proved to be one of the gallant type, and after collecting kisses from the girls in the coach, turned guard and escorted the coach to the Royal Festival Hall.

The evening's programme was in the capable hands of Mr. Dick Griffin. At midnight, the highwayman, who turned out to be Mr. Christopher Cullen, a member of the Old Berkshire Hunt, was judged by Surrey Union Huntsman Mr. Jim Goddard to be winner of the hunting horn competition.

Among the principal guests were Professor J. Basil Buxton, Principal and Dean of the College; Mr. S. F. J. Hodgman, Director of the Newmarket Research Station; Mr. A. M. Graham, president of the British Veterinary Association, and Mr. A. J. Wright, senior past president of the B.V.A. Professor E. C. Amoroso joined in the reels and competition dancing with his students—and was disqualified from one competition because he "changed his mind too often."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Partnered in a lively Gay Gordons by first-year student Mr. Peter Laurence, pretty, dark-haired Miss Lorne Hutchinson made a delightful picture.

Coming down the staircase to the dance-floor are R.V.C. students Miss Heather Vinycomb and Mr. Barry Nestel.

Attractive Mrs. Walter Landauer, in a velvet dress with orchid spray, is partnered here by Mr. Norman Comben.

A young married couple dancing together here are Mr. B. Toop and his very prettily-dressed wife.

Mr. Bryan Down, secretary of the Students' Union, and his fiancée, Miss Diane Sycamore, watch as Miss Anne Walker has her glass filled by Mr. Michael Wright. Miss Walker's handsomely-bearded partner is Mr. Robert Strang.

Among this happy group sharing a table together are Mr. R. H. Mears, Miss Barbara Harden, Mr. John Waller, Miss Elizabeth Rawson-Shaw, Mr. R. H. Ansell, Miss Nancy George, Mr. A. D. Morris, Mr. Peter Grant and Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. R. H. Mears.

Fourth-year student Mr. Christopher Cullen takes his turn in the hunting horn competition, which he won. Judge was Mr. J. Goddard, of the Surrey Union Hunt, and one-time All-England champion.

Top table, *l. to r.:* Mr. A. J. Wright, Prof. J. B. Buxton, Mr. D. Haxby, president of the Students' Union, Miss Barbara Smith, Mrs. A. J. Wright, Mr. S. F. J. Hodgman and Mrs. S. F. J. Hodgman.

Miss Rosemary Long-Brown, in a pretty ankle-length lace dress, was dancing with Mr. MacFarlane Mowbray.

Dancing the Gay Gordons to the playing of Pipe Major B. Ledgett are Miss Juanita Neil and Mr. V. O'Malley.

Together on the dance floor enjoying their very spirited version of the rumba are Mr. Thursby-Pelham and his attractive wife.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

2—THE FORD "ZEPHYR SIX"

The Ford "Zephyr Six" reviewed on this page.

TO win the Monte Carlo Rally, a car has to be a good one. That must be evident to everyone, I should think. This year, as you will know, the Rally was won by that grand Dutch driver, Maurice Gatsonides, in a British Ford *Zephyr Six*, and this is the car I have for review this month. And at the outset I will say that, of course, it is a good car ; as is its smaller sister-car, the *Consul*.

The *Zephyr* is the first British Ford to have a 6-cylinder engine, and having driven it over several hundred miles of English roads, some with ice on them, I agree with the makers when they claim it is an exciting car. The body is roomy, with its bench-type front seat easily adjustable, and the driving position is quite admirable, with vision as good as it can be. The instruments are clustered together and the driver has an unobstructed view of them through the 3-spoke steering wheel. The steering column is very neatly enclosed with the gear-change mechanism, and the whole, with the instrument panel, forms a very clean control unit indeed. There is a large shelf beneath the facia for odds and ends—most useful. But I must admit I rather wanted to use the sloping panel below the screen to carry my cigarettes, and so forth. It seems a pity to me that with so much space no use is made of it, nor is it possible, as it slopes too much, to allow anything to rest there. I 'd be tempted to put some sort of rim on it if I owned one myself!

The seats are comfortable, and I don't think passengers would have anything to complain about. They have easy access through ample doors and plenty of leg room. There are the necessary arm-rests, ashtrays, and so on. As for the riding, it is smooth and steady, even at quite high speeds on roughish roads.

From the driver's point of view, the controls come well to hand and are smooth to operate. The cornering ability at speed is good, but I would not say it is as good as the *Consul*, which I rated as being quite outstanding in that respect. But the *Zephyr*, even so, corners with the steadiness at speed which most people like to feel in a modern car.

The engine I would rate as a very fine unit. The short stroke, being less than the diameter of the cylinders (hence the term "over-square"), certainly gives a smoothness and lack of fuss that makes fast driving pleasant. The power output is high, and it is here I might perhaps find slight fault, if that is the right word. The power as related to the weight of the car is so great that wheelspin on dry roads in low gear is common, and it can also happen in second if you open up hard. While this sort of thing only happens when you 're trying to see what the car will do, it makes me wonder if a higher ratio would not be better in the rear axle. But I will bow to the far greater knowledge of the makers in their choice of ratios, although I must say I 'd like to try a change. But normal motoring does mean that the engine will not be stressed to anywhere near its limit, which gives great expectation of life and economy in operation ; and I am sure that is what people want very much in these times. Besides, it is nice to have a reserve of power and acceleration, both of which can be a considerable safety factor on the road.

The *Zephyr* enabled me to cover some journeys with good averages, the maximum being in the region of 80 miles per hour. I recorded my petrol consumption at an average round 27 miles per gallon, and I was running on the ordinary pump pool variety, the test being done before the momentous first day of February. With premium grade I anticipated getting pretty near to 30 miles per gallon with average touring, which is good for an engine of this size and power.

The *Zephyr* is available in a wide range of good colours, with a nice collection of contrasting or matching interior trims. The luggage boot at the rear is spacious and also houses the spare wheel, carried vertically so that it can be taken out without a complete luggage upheaval should it be needed while on a loaded journey. While at the back of the car, I should make mention of the fine rear-ward view obtained through the wide and deep-curved rear window. The effect in terms of rear vision in the mirror, and when reversing, is noteworthy.

Yes, I like the *Zephyr* very much. It seems to me to present, for a comparatively low figure, a fairly large car that will carry its passengers in comfort, with ease of control and satisfaction for the driver, and all with some anticipation of economy of operation, both in running costs and in long life.

This and That

I GATHER that there is a considerable increase in the number of people from this country who will be taking their cars to Spain for holidays this year. In fact, already the figures are 20 per cent. up on last year based on enquiries so far made. I don't wonder at this. Spain offers a quite economical and extremely pleasant holiday. I have not been since the war, but when there in pre-war days the people seemed very keen that I should enjoy my visit, and did all they could to that end, with little fuss or bother. I see, too, that petrol there has been reduced in price, being available in any quantity at 4s. 6d. per gallon.

* * *

Now that flashing-light traffic indicators are to be allowed in this country, I feel that yet another cause of annoyance and risk on the roads may well be eliminated. The flashing lights give a much clearer indication to all other road users as to the intentions of the driver. The fact that they are visible from the side as a rule will also help, and the authorities are to be thanked for at last seeing sense in this. Just how long it will take for them to become general I don't know, but I, for one, will go in for a set. The complete outfit of four (two front and two rear) is offered by one maker for under £6, which includes making your existing trafficators raise at the same time.

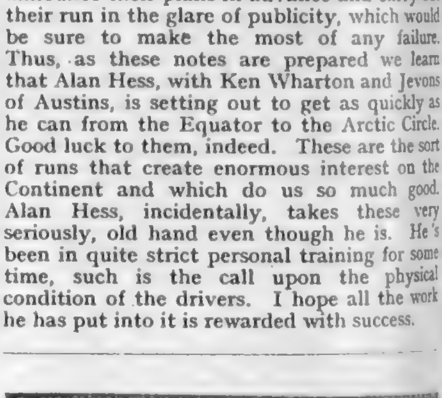
* * *

Congratulations to Sunbeam-Talbot in being awarded the Dewar Trophy for their achievements in the Alpine Rally last summer. I am told that the trophy will be taken to America next month for the International Motor Sports Show there. Americans like achievement in any field and they will be impressed, with some justification.

And talking of "gongs," I see Sydney Allard has been awarded the Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy for 1952 for winning the Monte Carlo Rally outright last year. This trophy is awarded each year to the British competitor making the outstanding performance in a British car in any form of motor competitition. Congratulations again.

* * *

Nowadays when people set out to make demonstrations of endurance and the like, they announce their plans in advance and carry out their run in the glare of publicity, which would be sure to make the most of any failure. Thus, as these notes are prepared we learn that Alan Hess, with Ken Wharton and Jevons of Austins, is setting out to get as quickly as he can from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. Good luck to them, indeed. These are the sort of runs that create enormous interest on the Continent and which do us so much good. Alan Hess, incidentally, takes these very seriously, old hand even though he is. He's been in quite strict personal training for some time, such is the call upon the physical condition of the drivers. I hope all the work he has put into it is rewarded with success.



Sir Rowland Smith, chairman of the Ford Motor Company, replying to the toast of the Company at the Birmingham and District Ford Dealers' Association Coronation Ladies' Festival at the Chadwick Manor Hotel, Knowle, on February 20.

The Earl of Buckinghamshire, president of the new G.B. Car Club, *left*, with Mme. Balthazar, M. Balthazar, French Consul in London, and M. Claude Label, Counsellor at the French Embassy.

Miss Joan Lally, in the traditional dress of the Languedoc region, serves refreshments to, *l. to r.*, the Hon. Edward Carson, Mrs. Geoffrey Carson, Mr. Geoffrey Carson and Major E. P. Boyd.

Mr. W. G. Davies, one of the first to join the Club at its inauguration, and Mrs. J. H. T. Fletcher, wife of the Club's General Secretary.

The famous old house provided an unusual background for the inaugural party. Here, before an early portrait of Dr. Johnson, are Wing Commander and Mrs. E. Monk with Mrs. A. G. Long.

FOR BRITONS MOTORING ABROAD

On Tuesday, February 24, the G.B. Car Club, a new motoring organisation intent on catering for owner-drivers who take their cars abroad, was born at Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square.. Would-be members were well in evidence, and under the presidency of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the new Club is a lusty infant and looks like making a great success of its life. In August the Club will sponsor a ten-day London-Languedoc-Sete Rally which will enable entrants to spend a week motoring in France very cheaply and to enjoy the hospitality of wine-growers in the lovely Languedoc region, as well as having the chance to win substantial cash prizes payable in French currency. The "London-Languedoc," unlike the "Monte Carlo" and the "Alpine" Rallies, is to be a sporting occasion with a distinctly holiday flavour. The programme includes a *Concours d'Elegance*, wine-tastings and banquets, attendance at various festivities, including the celebrated water jousts and a tambourine match, and a ball at an open-air seaside restaurant, where "Miss Rally" will be elected. Lord Buckinghamshire assured his audience in his inaugural speech that the car tests which would be part of the programme would be kept entirely separate from the wine-tastings!

Guests at the reception were served with wines from the Languedoc region, displayed here by four pretty hostesses wearing the traditional costume of the region.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Star

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

THE problem of how to break it gently to a fading star that she has outlived her usefulness on the screen is one that must have given tender-hearted film producers many a headache. Bette Davis's new film postulates a method they might well consider. You tell her, either in person or by proxy, that in following her career she has sacrificed her birthright—"the privilege and glory of just being a woman." And then, if she reacts correctly, she will forget all about a part in your next picture, and hurry straight to some faithful lover's arms.

Mind you, I wouldn't guarantee satisfactory results with *every* film-star. The case of Margaret Elliott, in *The Star*, is somewhat peculiar. Margaret has clearly been one of these high-powered, temperamental actresses. She has earned so much money, and thrown it away, on clothes, and Cadillacs, and grasping friends, and independent productions, and "Desire Me" perfume, that she finds herself, at "fortyish," down to her last dollar, with only one old Oscar to keep her company. After attending (in dark glasses) the auction of her home and personal effects, she goes out on a blind drunk, which lands her in gaol.

Bailed out, and taken home to share the bachelor quarters of a simple, honest boat mechanic (Sterling Haydon), who has loved her all along, she still can't settle down and appreciate her luck. She hankers for a screen come-back, in the rôle of a girl of eighteen, in a drama called *The Fatal Winter*. When a loyal agent and a kind, sympathetic producer give her the chance of playing an older woman in the same film, she rubs the wrinkles from her make-up, tears open the neck of her bodice, tightens in her waistline, and flutters her mascara-ed eyelashes, in the vain hope that this display of calculated glamour may win her the star part after all.

I have no doubt *The Star* will be extremely popular. The public is always interested to see how and where the moving-picture folk live, and the film takes care to give as handsome a glimpse as possible of many of Hollywood's behind-the-scenes activities. Bette Davis brings out her whole bag of tricks as Margaret, and makes it readily credible that she was once a movie queen. She is rather less successful in convincing us that she isn't a movie queen any longer, and I really can't bring myself to believe that any enterprising producer would have encouraged such an actress to run away and enjoy the privilege and glory of just being a woman. Nor can I believe in a lot of the dialogue. I mean, people in this day and age *don't* say things like, "I thought that if I went out on a limb it would be so because it must be so, and that God wouldn't be so cruel as to saw me down."

Above and Beyond

(Empire)

NOTHING will ever persuade me that atom bombs and entertainment mix. Nevertheless, I am bound to admit that this Hollywood film, with Robert Taylor, takes a strong grip on the imagination.

Above and Beyond is about Colonel Paul Tibbets, the man who was chosen to drop the first atom bomb on Hiroshima. A good part of the film is taken up with an account of the curious garrison life, controlled by the most rigid security rules, of the men and the wives of the men picked for the preparation and testing of this ghastly new war weapon. The actual raid on Hiroshima provides the climax.

But this picture differs from most other Hollywood war pictures in going beneath the surface drama of a dangerous mission, grimly prepared for and fulfilled. It tries, with marked honesty, to meet the question, "What did it *feel* like to have to give the order, and realise you had indeed given the order, to wipe out 85,000 lives in a matter of seconds?"

The answer, of course, can never be a complete one. Nobody except Paul Tibbets knows how Paul Tibbets felt, and I am not sure, not *quite* sure, whether I really like this probe into the close secrets of a soldier's duty. But I am sure that Robert Taylor has rarely come nearer to a mature and considered performance than this; and that the scenes after the raid, which contrast the unthinking jubilation at home with the pictures scored on the minds of the bomber crew, are brilliant.

Director George More O'Ferrall, whose film version of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* will be shown in the Cannes Film Festival, leans out of the window of their new Hampstead home with his wife and small son Rory. Mrs. O'Ferrall and her daughter Brigid are both being presented at Court this month.

Rough Shoot

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

ROUGH SHOOT is a British thriller, adapted by Eric Ambler from Geoffrey Household's book in such a way as to allow Hollywood stars Joel McCrea and Evelyn Keyes to turn up in Dorsetshire. Of course, we are delighted to welcome our distinguished visitors; though somehow I never got the feeling they were *quite* at home.

Joel McCrea appears as an American colonel, who has leased a bit of rough shooting-land from a West Country farmer. To his surprise (and ours), he finds that this supposedly rustic corner of England is positively crawling with cloak-and-dagger boys, and foreign spies trying to ferret out our atom-bomb secrets.

The Colonel's troubles start when he good-humouredly peppers a presumed poacher with a charge of buck-shot from the rear, at the same moment as spy Marius Goring, hidden in the bushes, shoots him with a rifle from the front. The result is that the poacher (who is, of course, another spy) becomes very, very dead. The Colonel panics and clumsily hides the body, instead of going straight to the police, like a sensible man. Whereupon, he becomes an object of interest and suspicion both to the spy-ring and to M.I.5. After this, *Rough Shoot* bowls merrily along, with a mysterious foreign scientist landing by aeroplane in the night, a brief-case full of top-secret papers, with an explosive lock, and a splendid chase up to London involving the whole cast, and ending spectacularly on the roof of Madame Tussaud's.

I enjoyed this nonsense very much indeed. But, above all, I enjoyed Herbert Lom's gay and sweeping cartoon of a retired Polish Commander attached to M.I.5; with flowing cape, swordstick, knock-out drops and a glorious air of *braggadocio*.

Three Forbidden Stories

(New Gallery)

THE Italian film *Three Forbidden Stories* has the benefit of three uncommonly attractive heroines—Lia Amanda, Antonella Lualdi and Eleanora Rossi Drago—one wench to each story. They find themselves in adjacent hospital beds after a staircase in an old house in Rome, packed with girls in search of work, has collapsed. The picture then goes back, rather in the style of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, to explain how each of these three characters happened to be on that particular staircase at that particular moment.

The first girl tells how, as a child of eleven, she was raped by an old friend of her parents, and has never got over her distrust of men, and her determination to live independently. The second has married a rich young man, who turns out to be a useless husband and a sadistic practical joker. The third is a college student, who has been lured into a drug-taking circle, and who, although presumably cured of the habit, and about to be married to a solid professor, is escaping by the fatal staircase after a last night spent with a morphinomaniac lover.

The film, as you can see, piles sensation on sensation, and Augusto Genina—a veteran Italian director of the old school—has managed at times to get beneath the surface of melodrama, and suggest the spiritual misery that can be as painful as physical suffering. "Look," he seems to say, "here are three girls, whom anyone at a casual glance would call lucky. They are good-looking; they have comfortable homes, nice clothes and quite enough money; they don't know what it is to go cold or hungry. Yet they are a sight more wretched than lots of people who live in crowded tenements and have to work their fingers to the bone for a bare living." I don't quite know where this message gets us, but it's undoubtedly true.

The Coronation

Doubtless there will be many readers who have been unable to secure a good position to see the Coronation processions and they will, in due course, proceed to do the next best thing—*viz.*, take advantage of the cinema news-reels to see a consolidated version of the entire ceremonial. But the blind will not even be able to take advantage of the news-reels. Help them, if you can, by purchasing a set of the Commemorative poster stamps now on sale by the Greater London Fund for the Blind, 2, Wyndham Place, London, W.1. The set of ten costs but half a crown.

OUR SPRING FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Nora Owen

Nothing new in the way of " line " came out of the Spring Collections shown by London's " Big Eleven," but we were shown an exciting array of fabrics—many of them British—making us realise how starved of fabric beauty we have been from the beginning of the war until now.

Concentration was on stately Coronation fabrics, satin, organza and brocades, embroidered and woven with pure gold and silver. Lovely pastel shades are used as ground-colours, yellow, pink, turquoise, ivory, parchment, champagne and, of course, white.

For daytime wear silk is also news, with surah, shantung and crepe. There are some breathtakingly beautiful prints, with patterns of ferns, leaves and flowers, softly painted in grey or black on pale grounds.

Lace is also used a great deal, flowing gracefully for afternoon dresses and ball-gowns, and severely tailored for Ascot and garden-party suits and coats.

The eleven designers of the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers, and Ronald Paterson, who is outside the Group, have used these fabrics well. The theme is the traditionally English, " lady-like " elegance. Suits are impeccably tailored, only those of Lachasse having real brilliance. Daytime dresses are slim and quiet, Hardy Amies and John Cavanagh leading the way in creating a graceful understatement—grandeur emerging only for evening occasions and the Abbey.

Norman Hartnell, in the best collection for some years, shows some fabulous crinoline dresses, followed by Victor Stiebel, Worth, Michael Sherard, Peter Russell and Mattli.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Studio Hanover.

One of the most interesting lines of the London Collections, the " Tango Line," by Michael of Lachasse, shown in his sleeveless, tailored suit in anthracite grey silk twill, with a square-necked, collarless jacket. The large forward-moving hat, side-dipping, is by the same designer.

In his collection, Norman Hartnell, the Royal Designer, showed extravagantly embroidered and jewel-encrusted evening dresses. We have chosen a simpler dress, but one that has much charm. Almost severe, in heavy white satin, strapless and wide-skirted, it is the traditionally ideal first ball dress for a young girl.

OUR SPRING FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

FROM THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

Above : Lace, used lavishly in many of the collections, is used here to great effect by Hardy Amies, another Royal designer. In navy-blue, a most dramatic colour for the evening, this graceful dress is again strapless, with a wide skirt, rising slightly in the front to show dainty, dancing feet. A tiny lace spencer-jacket, with an enormous taffeta sash, can also be worn. This picture, and the one facing were photographed in the ballroom of the Washington Hotel.

Left : A short evening dress with long sleeves, ideal for gay, young parties, has been designed here by Victor Stiebel, who has made dresses for Princess Margaret. Made of Birkin's bold silk and rayon insertion lace, it has a bouffant skirt and tight bodice and sleeves. A dramatic touch is the fringed, emerald-green surah sash.

OUR SPRING

Spring

Moving from the Couture models to the ready-to-wear clothes on sale now in the shops, we find an unlimited range to choose from. It really does seem now much more of a personal pleasure to go shopping. Prices are much more reasonable, the range of fabrics and colours is wider, and we can buy what we want instead of being brow-beaten into buying something we hate on sight, as has so often happened in the past.

An all-through-the-day dress in grey silk, with white spots, by Phyllis Taylor. The shirt bodice gives the dress an easy-to-wear formality. Price about 15 gns., from Harrods, London; and Vincent Williams, Chester. The little red hat with a white rose at the side is a Town and Country model by Hugh Beresford, 89s. 11d., from Woollands, Knightsbridge.

Comfortably casual for spring mornings, Aquascutum's grey flannel coat has the uncluttered lines we always look for. A velvet collar, dropped shoulders and single-buttoning all add to the simplicity of this town or country coat, which costs 14 gns. The woolly cap in pink and other shades is one of many from the Women's Home Industries, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

Mornings in Town

A slightly more formal coat in soft, nobbly wool, in an attractive coral and other shades, with contrasting collar and long facings of black grosgrain. This coat, which is charming for an older woman, is by Dereta, price about 11 gns., from Fenwick's, London ; and Werff, Birmingham. Madge Chard's close-fitting anthracite straw hat is from Dickins and Jones.

Jersey is ever-popular, and the perfect answer to climatic problems of spring in England. Wolsey's donkey-brown button-through dress, with shirt-top and pleated skirt, is ideal for busy days. About 8 gns., from Harrods, London ; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh ; and Kendal Milne, Manchester. The white, lilac-trimmed straw beret is by Town and Country, 79s. 11d., from Swan and Edgar.

OUR SPRING FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

YOUNG AND GAY

A dress for the young girl that will bring delight to spring and summer evenings. The skirt is short and wide, waist-hugging, with a low, scooped and shaped neckline. The fabric is most original — white starched net over pale yellow taffeta, with tiny scalloped frills. By Susan Small, price approximately 23½ gns., from Elizabeth March, Brompton Road, London; and Chanal, Leeds.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS

Dunlop 'Fort' car tyres are designed for the motorist who is prepared to pay a little more for a tyre that is without equal for strength, trouble-free performance and long mileage. Like all other Dunlop car tyres it carries the famous Gold Seal, symbol of the latest and best in tyre-building technique.

DUNLOP FORT

In a Class by Itself

GREER GARSON

A recent picture of lovely Irish-born Greer Garson, the real-life "star of the County Down." In her latest film, M.-G.-M.'s Technicolor production, *Vicki*, which is due for release in this country in the near future, filmgoers will see her together again with Walter Pidgeon. This highly successful partnership began in 1941 with *Blossoms in the Dust*, and the two stars have made some really excellent films in the years between.

OUR SPRING FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

STRICTLY FORMAL

The collections of ready-to-wear clothes, in the same way as the couture collections, have shown a very large number of beautifully elegant dresses, relying on simple lines and lovely fabrics. Pale silks, with patterns in black, navy-blue and grey, are ideal for the formal dress which can be worn for the countless receptions, weddings, garden-parties, race-meetings and so forth, that crop up every summer, and this year will be more numerous than ever. It is now possible to buy in the shops, ready-made, a dress that has the uncluttered charm of the couturier's creation. We have chosen two on this page, one for a young girl, the other for the older woman, which show this formal simplicity.

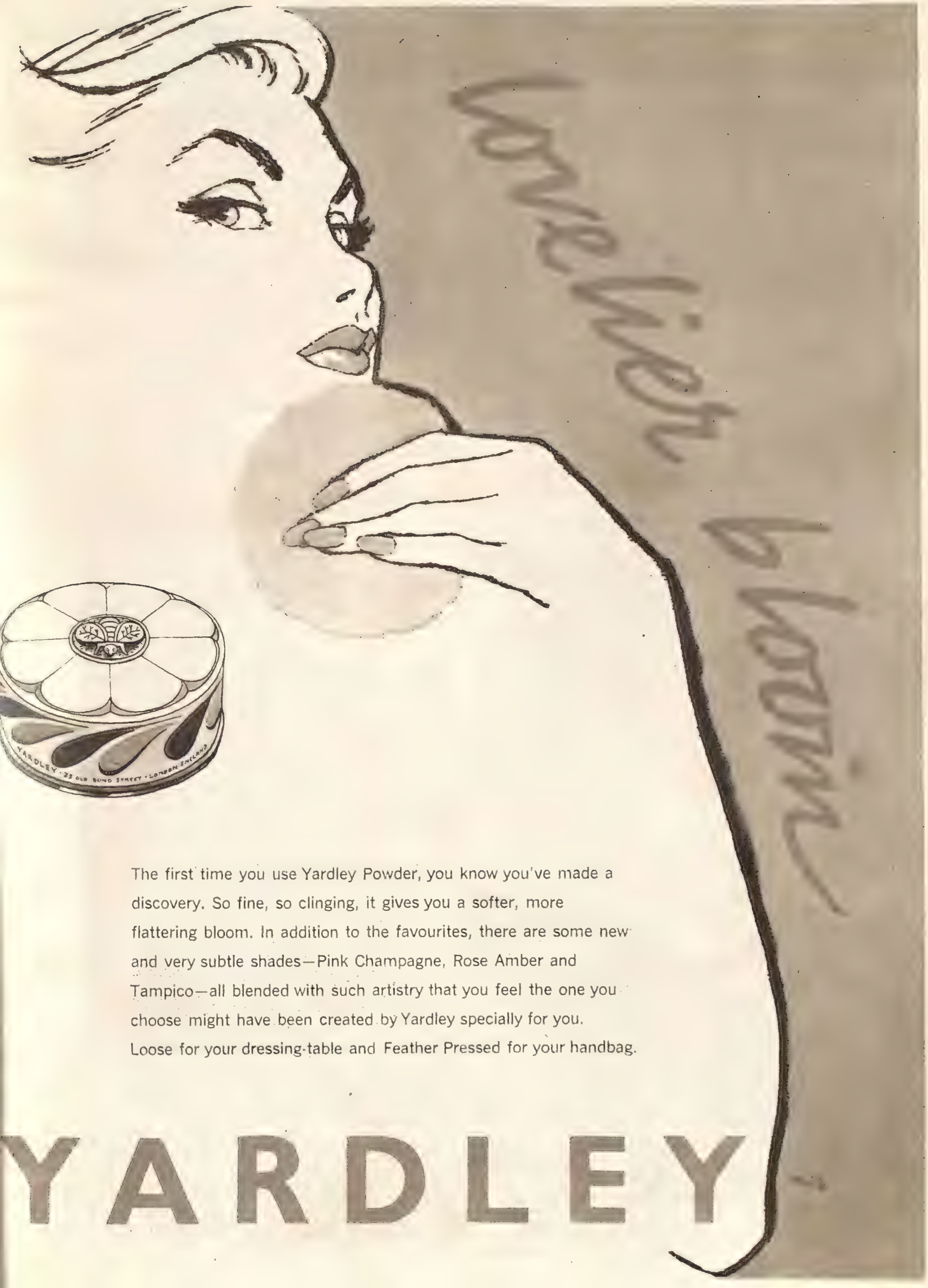
Above : For a young girl, Rembrandt's simple dress in white grosgrain, with small black dots, and shaped black belt. About 11½ gns. from Harrods, London; and Brown's of Chester. The white shepherdess hat with stiff black bow, 69s. 11d., Town and Country, from Dickins and Jones, London.

Right : Superbly elegant is Henri's lovely silk dress in cream with a black etched print. The fitting bodice, with black grosgrain at the neck, has a long waistline (a sash can be worn) curving into a skirt with fullness falling from the hips. About 23½ gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove (Speciality Department), London ; and Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham. The gracefully curved black straw and velvet hat by Madge Chard is from Dickins and Jones.

OUR SPRING FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Cotton has ceased to be the Cinderella of the fashion world, and has come right into the open as a really glamorous fabric. Here in a most striking print in gold and black, on white, it makes a formal ball dress, to which is attached the warning "this should be washed and not cleaned." The strapless bodice is tucked at the top and then has two rows of neat black buttons to below the waist, from where there is a swirl into a wide, full skirt with backward movement. By Frank Usher, about 16 gns., from Jay's, London ; Werff, Birmingham ; and Henderson's, Liverpool.


lovelier bloom
YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON ENGLAND
The first time you use Yardley Powder, you know you've made a discovery. So fine, so clinging, it gives you a softer, more flattering bloom. In addition to the favourites, there are some new and very subtle shades—Pink Champagne, Rose Amber and Tampico—all blended with such artistry that you feel the one you choose might have been created by Yardley specially for you.
Loose for your dressing-table and Feather Pressed for your handbag.
YARDLEY

MOUNTAIN-TOP FASHIONS

Leading British designers struck a new note that made headlines when they held a Coronation Preview of Fashions at famous Suvretta House at St. Moritz. Here Barbara Miura (*left*) models a lovely debutante dress by Worth of London, while Marla Scarafia (*right*) displays Rima's delightful playsuit with its wrap-around printed skirt.

The parade was held in brilliant sunshine high in the Swiss Alps and the snow-clad beauty of the mountains made a novel and delightful setting for the occasion. A group of models (*left*) in sun-and-snow styles watch as Barbara Goalen (*right*) models a Coronation robe and coronet from the Hartnell salon.

Eleven major London designers and eight of Britain's top models participated in the show, which took place on the hotel's ice-rink before a most discriminating audience. Here is Nola Rose (*left*) wearing a tennis dress by Teddy Tinling, and (*right*) Fiona Campbell-Walter in a colourful cotton two-piece by Susan Small.

SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

IF you are one of those people who find a visit to the photographer something of an ordeal, you will be pleased to hear that a Photovision camera has now been installed in a London store. This is the most amusing and painless method of having a photograph taken that I have ever come across. You operate the camera yourself in the privacy of a little room where you are left completely alone. If "operating the camera" sounds rather fearsome, I can assure you that it is as simple as pressing button "A" in a telephone kiosk. You sit on a chair and look into a miniature television-type screen. When you see yourself looking just as you want to look you press a button ; then for the next shot you move the mobile screen—or just change your expression—and press the button again ! The photographs are ready—six different portraits—in about twenty-four hours. This is a most satisfactory method of photographing young children, as Mamma can press the button when she thinks her infant is looking at his or her most angelic. It is also a good way of photographing your dog providing he isn't too large, and will sit in the chair !

* * *

A really light week-end case into which a surprising amount of things can be packed has an added attraction—it folds up and occupies practically no space when not in use. Most people will find it more attuned to present-day needs than the handsome pre-war crocodile or hide case which needed a strong man to lift it when it was empty, and which kept getting knocked about in the cupboard or box-room, despite its protective canvas cover which, in any case, hid its beauty.

* * *

I am always pleased to find a way of eliminating anything liquid from my suitcase. However careful one is, stoppers and tops do occasionally come adrift with heart-breaking results. A new nail varnish remover comes out of the liquid category. It is a cream (in a tube) which is squeezed directly on to the nail, spread thinly, left for a moment and wiped off—plus all the old nail varnish—with a tissue. Apart from the convenience and efficiency, it is claimed that this remover protects the nails against dryness and acts as a reconditioner.

* * *

I dread to think how many can-openers I've bought in my life only to abandon them for one reason or another. I've come to the conclusion that the old adage, "it is cheaper to buy the best," really does apply in this case. I've been trying out a new one—the type that fits on the kitchen wall—and I am very pleased with it. I have a suspicion that it may still be working when the wall is no more. (I have a flat at the top of a Georgian house where lately the most alarming cracks have been appearing.) My can-opener can be removed from its bracket for washing, and, when not in use, it folds back. It cuts every standard rim tin as clean as a whistle, whatever the shape of the tin, and that includes those sardine tins that used to have keys. But, and this is one of the things I like best about it, all the parts are replaceable. The makers supply a year's guarantee with this tin-opener.

* * *

Many attractive new materials are coming into the shops just now. One that I particularly like is a reversible satin-backed dupion. It is a thankless task describing material as it is so difficult to convey colour and texture, but I am certain that this dupion will prove a winner. The satin back ensures that it hangs well and, as the material is completely reversible the variations in colour and fabric contrasts are numerous. The many colour effects include pink and black, gold and black, turquoise and black, and blue and maroon.

* * *

My tailpiece is a rubber holder to protect your fingers when scrubbing pans with steel wool or any of the scratchy cleaners that play havoc with the nails. You bend back the sides of the holder and stick the four metal prongs firmly into the wad of steel wool ; release the sides and the cleaner is gripped ready for use.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It

Photovision camera : 6s. for six different portraits—enlargements may be ordered at varying prices according to size ; at John Lewis. . . "Stoawa" collapsible case (20 ins. by 12½ ins.) : 45s. 9d. ; at Gamages. . . . Heluan cream polish remover : 2s. 6d. ; at chemists and leading stores. . . . Nutbrown "Master" can-opener : 19s. 6d. ; at Selfridges and other leading stores. . . . Satin-backed dupion (36 ins. wide) : 9s. 11d. a yard ; at John Lewis. . . . Redfern rubber holder : 1s. 10d. ; at Staines, Victoria Street.

Wholesale enquiries only: **PAUL BLANCHE LTD.**, *69 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Also Wellington Street West, Salford, 7. Glasgow: 60 St. Enoch's Square, C.1. Cardiff: 6-8 Castle Arcade Balcony, 26 High Street. Channel Islands: 25 Hilgrove Street, St. Helier, Jersey.*

YOUR KITCHEN *transformed*

NEW 'English Rose' Planning Service works for YOU

Every woman knows the kind of kitchen she would like . . . clean, efficient, designed to save work. The 'English Rose' Planning Service shows just how such a kitchen can be installed in **your** home BEFORE YOU BUY!

Upon request, the 'English Rose' consultant will submit a blueprint and coloured drawing showing exactly how the 'English Rose' units will appear in your kitchen.

Take the first step toward a life of freedom from kitchen drudgery TODAY—send for the 'English Rose' brochure ER 44.

Blueprint shows how arrangement of units will reduce work and save walking

Coloured drawing exactly to scale . . . it's your kitchen transformed

C.S.A. Industries Ltd. Warwick. *London Showrooms: 229/231 Regent Street, W.1* *REG.2435*

L.G.B.

MAPLE

Specialists in fine quality
FURNITURE

ANTIQUES
•
REPRODUCTIONS
•
CARPETS
•
FABRICS
•
BEDDING
•
ETC.

—You are invited— to visit our
STAND No. 30 GRAND HALL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Free delivery in 35 Counties

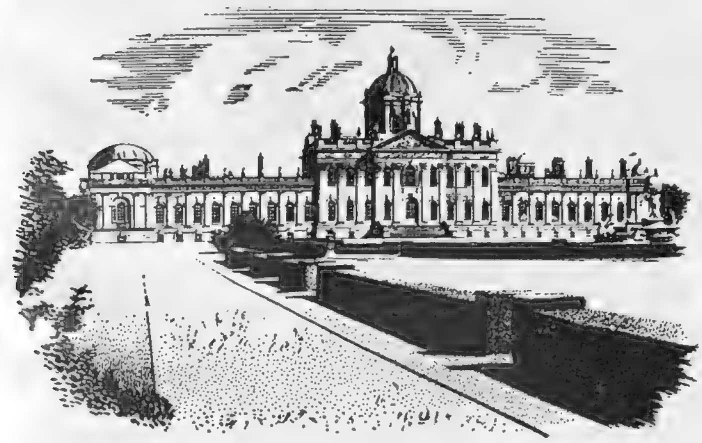
4-ft. DOUBLE-DOME WALNUT DISPLAY CABINET from Maples own Factory

MAPLE & CO. LTD. TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON, W.1

BIRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH · BRIGHTON · BRISTOL · LEEDS · LEICESTER · NOTTINGHAM

ALSO FROM PARIS ✦ COCKTAIL DRY ✦ MOMENT SUPRÊME ✦ AMOUR AMOUR PERFUMES

HOUSES OF QUALITY



"CASTLE HOWARD", YORKSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARLS OF CARLISLE.

The House of

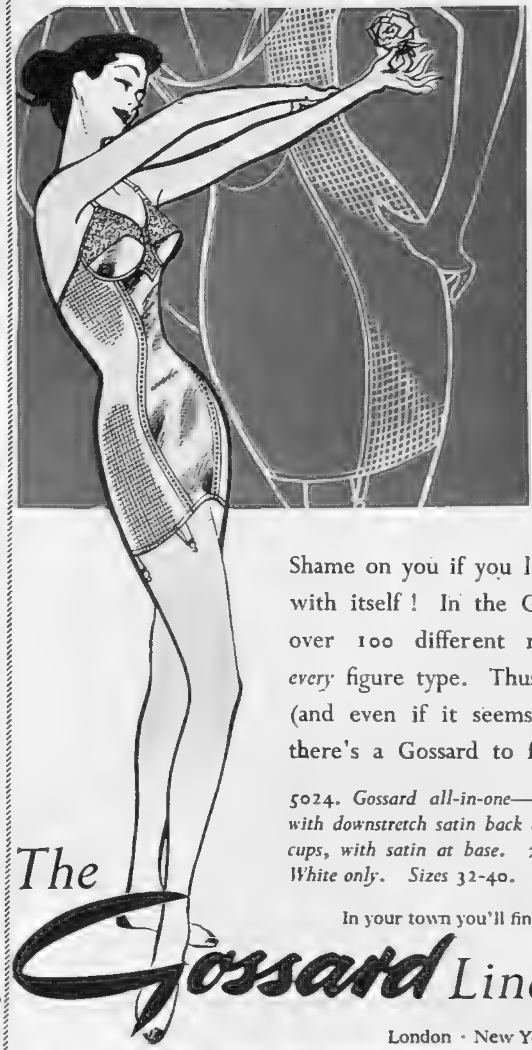
COALPORT

1750-1953

THE FINEST BONE CHINA

…LPORT CHINA LIMITED, STOKE-UPON-TRENT

L 3329



Can you face a full length mirror ?

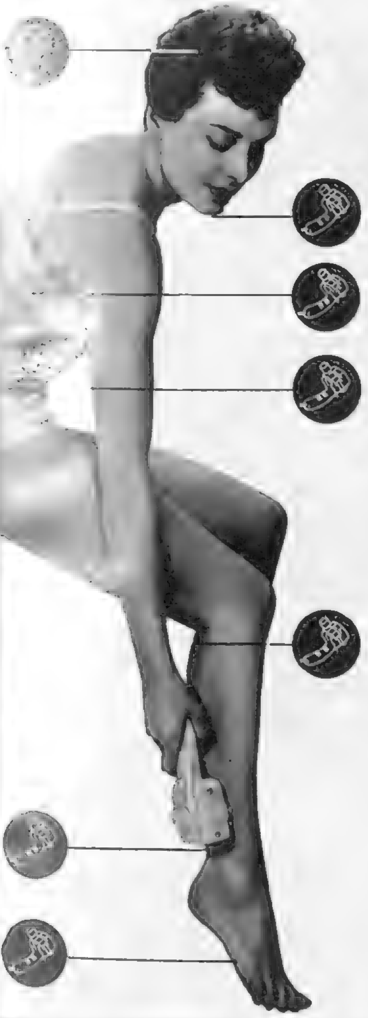
Shame on you if you let your figure run away with itself! In the Gossard range there are over 100 different models — a design for *every* figure type. Thus, whatever your figure (and even if it seems a problem to you) there's a Gossard to fit you and you alone!

5024. Gossard all-in-one—a pull-on, boneless, garment with downstretch satin back and front. Nylon lace upper cups, with satin at base. 21" long. Average fitting—White only. Sizes 32-40. Price 97/9d.

In your town you'll find a GOSSARD stockist

The Gossard Line of Beauty

London · New York · Cape Town



All Over GOOD HEALTH *from head to toe*

The surest way to keep well and free from pain is also the way to keep slim and beautiful.

By stimulating healthy circulation in the bloodstream, the Pifco Vibratory Massager gives relief from pain and also removes impurities from the skin and scalp. It is good for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and many other common ills. It promotes a radiantly lovely skin and a healthy head of hair.

It tones you up, relieves taut nerves, is an aid to youthful vitality and a slim trim figure.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores, price 88/6d. Write for illustrated folder, post free from: Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager

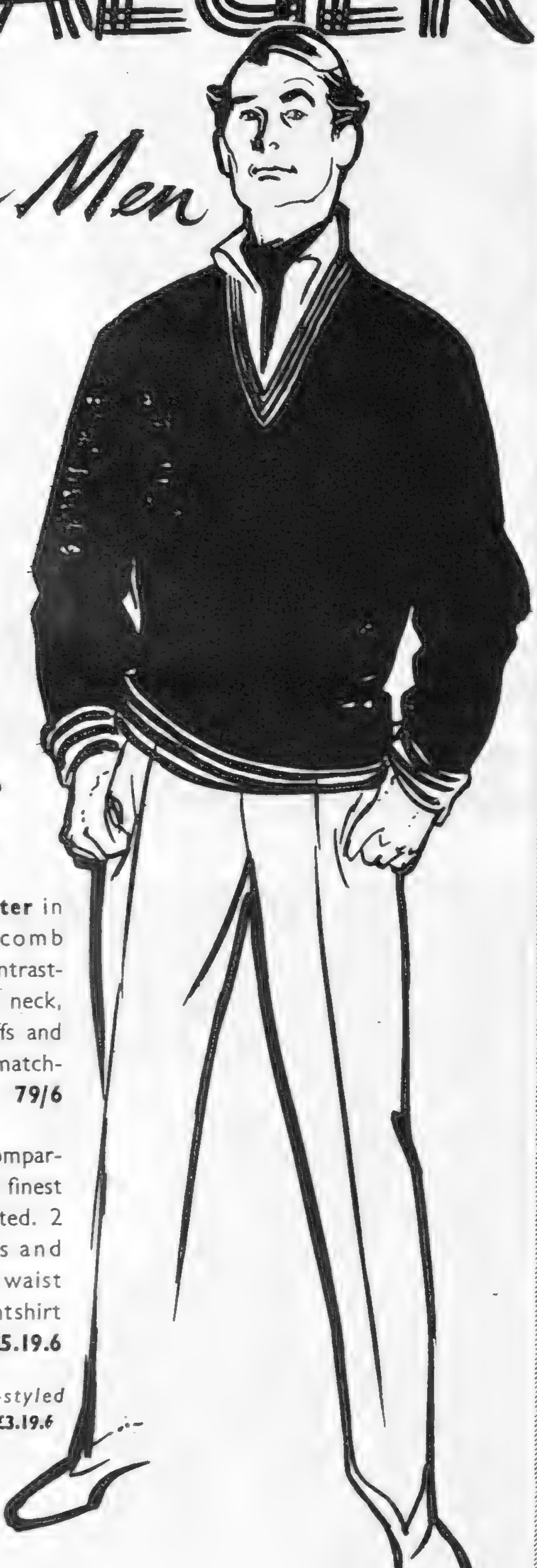
. . . and then, one day, you will find yourself at 27, Berkeley Square. You'll respond at once to the subtly evocative atmosphere. You'll know you are on the threshold of a new experience. Yours will be the thrill of an Alan Spiers coiffure . . . artistry so perfect that it reveals no artifice, sophistication so assured that it dares to relax. One day, at 27, Berkeley Square . . . you will find yourself.

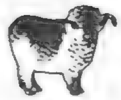
Alan Spiers Arts de Coiffeur

27 BERKELEY SQUARE W.1 · MAYFAIR 4622 · 4623

JAEGER

for Men





Sports **sweater** in fine honeycomb stitch with contrasting stripes at neck, turn-back cuffs and waist reveal matching stripes. **79/6**

Trousers incomparably styled in finest selected worsted. 2 hip pockets and wool taffeta waist band to prevent shirt riding up. **£5.19.6**

Other Jaeger-styled worsteds from ***£3.19.6***

Go to your nearest Jaeger Man's Shop

BATH	CHELTENHAM	GUILDFORD	MANCHESTER
BIRMINGHAM	CHESTER	HARROGATE	NEWCASTLE
BOURNEMOUTH	DUNDEE	LANCASTER	SALISBURY
BRIGHTON	EDINBURGH	LIVERPOOL	STRATFORD
BRISTOL	GLASGOW	LONDON	YORK

BY APPOINTMENT SUPPLIERS OF CONFECTIONERY TO THE KING GEORGE VI

One of the delightful Coronation Souvenir tins now being produced by

Sharps

Makers of Super-Kreem and Kreemy Toffees the toffees with the "Kreemy" texture.

Edward Sharp & Sons Ltd "The Toffee Specialists" of Maidstone

"777"

Valstar

The Aristocrat of Raincoats

AVAILABLE AT MOST FINE STORES

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to:

VALSTAR LTD. · 314 REGENT STREET · LONDON, W.1

The AUSTIN A70 HEREFORD

A family car with fine lines which cruises at 65 m.p.h.

THE A70 HEREFORD. The way this car performs is quite remarkable. Family men who don't claim to be hard drivers are doing 300 mile journeys between breakfast and dinner, and arriving unwearied and enthusiastic. Their families, too, get out fresh and uncramped.

The fact is that the Hereford has been given everything you want for driving, all up or all alone. There's *speed.* Over 80 m.p.h. if you want it. There's *get-up-and-go* acceleration — 30-50 m.p.h. in 9 secs. for safer overtaking . . . 65 m.p.h. in top on a 1 in 20 hill.

And all this in perfect safety . . . roomy comfort. Put the Hereford to the test today. You'll know then that there is no other car in its class that can challenge it.

Price £635 plus £354.5.7 purchase tax.

AUSTIN – you can depend on it!

BMC

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

fill up and feel the difference

SHELL

Six of the very best

Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade—and has been for nigh on ninety years. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here are six of the very best to suit all good tastes.

CHAPLINS *fine sherries*

CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
MARINA a rare Manzanilla
St TERESA distinctive Amontillado
PLAZA an old golden Oloroso
TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso
TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

and Concord ports

W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd, Tower Hill, London, EC3
W. H. Chaplin & Co. (Scotland) Ltd, 53 Bothwell Street, Glasgow ΦI

March

Trading ships now move to time schedules and no longer rely, like the kites, on the chance of favourable winds. In other ways, too, traders can avoid uncertainty in their dealings abroad. They can, for example, speedily obtain accurate information on foreign markets through any branch of the Midland Bank.

MIDLAND BANK

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU

For all social occasions good Scotch Whisky is the best and safest drink, cheering, mellow, and smoothly satisfying. At meals it stimulates appetite and aids digestion. The high traditions of the great distillers of Scotland ensure its purity. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .

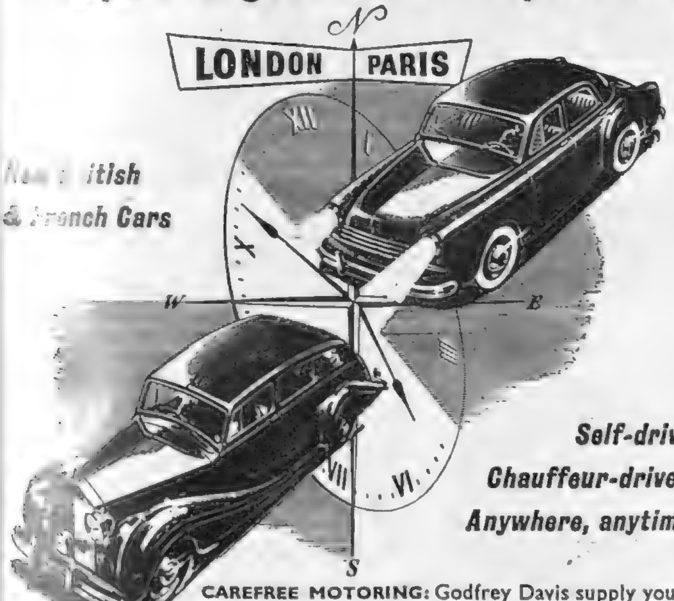
Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GODFREY DAVIS

Europe's largest Car Hire Operators



Self-drive
Chauffeur-driven
Anywhere, anytime

CAREFREE MOTORING: Godfrey Davis supply you with only the finest cars—all serviced and maintained in top condition. For first class engine performance and constant protection, each car is lubricated with SHELL X-100 MOTOR OIL

LONDON: 7 ECCLESTON STREET, S.W.1
Tel: SLOane 0022 · *Cables: Quickmilez, London*
Also at Neasden Lane, London, N.W.10 (GLAdstone 6474) and 112 North End Road, London, W.14 (FULham 6846)

PARIS: S. F. L. GODFREY DAVIS
38 AVENUE de FRIEDLAND, PARIS 8e · *Tel: Wagram 73-49*

20 million miles across the Atlantic

B.O.A.C. has completed 20 million miles of transatlantic flying. Calculated on a continuous flight basis, this represents about ten years spent in the air! Why not follow the example of thousands of B.O.A.C.-minded travellers and "take to the air" yourself next time?

Direct to New York	Direct to Montreal
THE Monarch	THE CANADIAN Monarch

De Luxe overnight services for very particular people, no extra fare. Fully pressurized *Stratocruiser* airliners. Double-decked spaciousness; luxurious lower-deck lounge. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. Attentive night-long service. Foam-soft private berth at moderate extra cost.

Also regular 1st Class services by *Stratocruiser* from London to New York via Prestwick and Boston, and from London to Montreal via Prestwick.

B·O·A·C AGENT — *Book where you see this sign or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, S.W.1 (VIC 2323); 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAY 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.*

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Italian Western Riviera

The finest beaches in Italy—Sporting & fashionable events—Moderate hotel rates under control—Fast communications with Great Britain.

For information and rates apply to the
Aziende di Soggiorno of: ALASSIO—FINALE LIGURE—VARAZZE—LOANO—CELLE LIGURE—SPOTORNO—PIETRA LIGURE—LAIGUEGLIA ALBISSOLA, or to the ENTE PROVINCIALE TURISMO of SAVONA, or to the ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT), 201 Regent Street, London, W.1 *and all Travel Agencies.*

Special Reductions and Facilitations on Rates during the months of March, April, May, June, September, October.

Alassio *An International Winter and Summer Beach.*

Information:
AZIENDA SOGGIORNO, ALASSIO

WELCOMBE HOTEL

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Shakespeare's genius immortalised not only his memory but the Countryside he knew so well in leafy Warwickshire, especially the beautiful grounds of the Welcombe Hotel, which were once part of his estate. OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

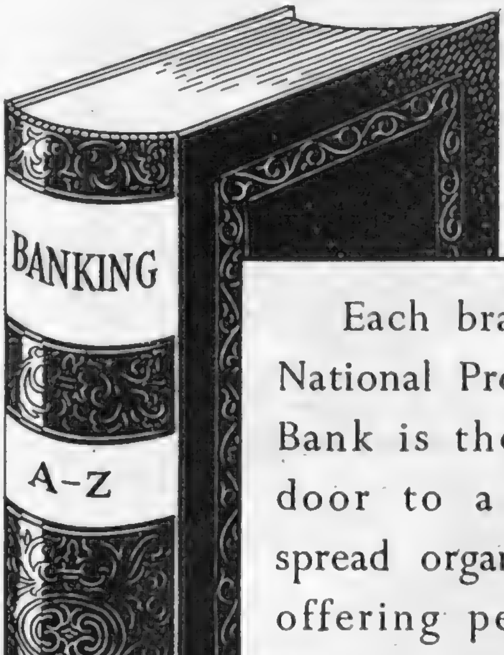
Memo to hunt ball secretaries:—

All over the world where good taste and pleasure meet—you'll find this bottle ······▸

Dry Monopole

CHAMPAGNE

Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., Suffolk House, 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4



Each branch of National Provincial Bank is the open door to a widespread organisation offering personal service in every aspect of banking..

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Comfort and Good Living
IN THESE 3 RESORT HOTELS

SCARBOROUGH

HARROGATE

CROWN HOTEL. Superbly situated in centre of Esplanade. Close to all amusements and sports. Private suites. American Bar.

HOTEL MAJESTIC. Unrivalled cuisine. Private suites. Ballroom and resident Orchestra. Tennis in Grounds.

BEXHILL

For spacious rooms facing the sea . . . stay at the SACKVILLE. Comfortable bedrooms, with private bathrooms, fitted with central heating and hot and cold water. Superb service and cuisine.

SPECIAL WINTER SEASON TERMS from 8 Gns. weekly.

Apply to Manager for full details of these specially attractive winter terms for long stays. Telephone Bexhill 2290

Write to Managers for Tariffs

FREDERICK HOTELS

—noted for FH *Comfort*

WORLD'S LARGEST HOTEL . . .

The Waldorf Astoria, the World's largest luxury hotel, occupies an entire New York block. Its 2,000 rooms accommodate yearly 150,000 tenants, each of whom is able to satisfy the most epicurean appetite by a cuisine which every year provides 3,000,000 meals. To match this expert cuisine the Waldorf's cellars are stocked with the world's finest wines, amongst them Cinzano, Product of the World's Largest Producers of Vermouth.

Cinzano has an extra quality and finer flavour than other vermouths. Consequently, people the world over drink more Cinzano than any other vermouth.

Try Cinzano yourself—on its own or with gin. You'll enjoy its delicious extra quality.

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF VERMOUTH

CINZANO

RED *(Italian Sweet)* **WHITE** *(Italian Sweet)* **17/-** bottle, **9/-** ½-bottle
DRY *(French)* **18/-** bottle, **9/6** ½-bottle

Sole Importers: **GIORDANO LTD., 24 CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON, W.1**

DRY FLY SHERRY

A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half bottle

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES *the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer you the following*

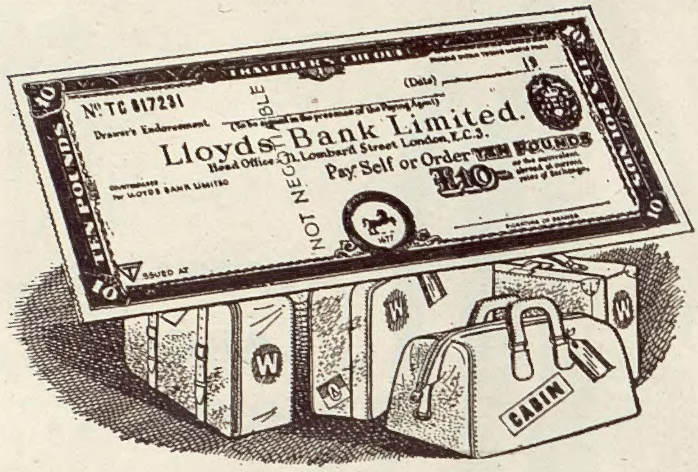
RECORD PRICES

£10-£5,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings.
£20-£500 Diamond Watches.
£10-£100 Solid Silver Tea-sets, Salvers, Sports Cups, Gold Cigarette-cases and Pocket Watches.

VALUATIONS BY FELLOW GEMMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

If you cannot call personally, send your parcel by Registered Post, it will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash Offer without obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LIMITED
108 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1 HOLborn 8177



For carefree travel at home or abroad

Every monetary problem that arises when you are arranging to travel either in this country or abroad can be dealt with promptly through any branch of Lloyds Bank.

The Bank will tell you how much money can be taken overseas, issue Travellers' Cheques or Letters of Credit and permitted amounts of foreign currency, and undertake any other monetary arrangements that may be necessary for any journey on business or pleasure, across the country, across the Channel or across the world.

Let LLOYDS BANK look after *your* interests

For special occasions

PLAYER'S No 3

The Quality Cigarette

[3P116B]

TESSIN

the Swiss Riviera

For a happy holiday Southern Switzerland offers the realization of all your dreams: mountains close to the shore of Mediterranean - coloured lake, palms, cypresses, and all the fantastic richness of Riviera flora.

LUGANO

on Lake Lugano

LOCARNO

on Lake Maggiore

Literature:
Official Information Offices, Lugano, Locarno or Ascona, or Swiss Federal Railways, 458/9 Strand, London, W.C.2.

GOOD CARS HAVE

BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather

FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

to you

". . . . do not let this sacred work languish and die"

Appealing for this Hospital in *The Times* of November, 1901, Florence Nightingale, after her retirement, wrote "I ask and pray my friends . . . not to let this sacred work languish and die for want of a little more money."

Please give to our Appeal

The cause is magnificent—beds for educated women of limited means who cherish privacy. Additional subscriptions and donations of £10,000 per annum are urgently needed, for this Hospital is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Please send a gift . . . remember us in your will . . . do not let *this sacred work die for want of a little more money.*

Florence Nightingale

HOSPITAL

19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1
PADdington 6412

Sign of the Good Companions — *from the original water-colour by Ernest Uden*

THE mellowed antiquity of the country inns of Britain is a restful setting for the sportsman at the end of the day, and a congenial background for the good companionship there to be found. To complete the enjoyment, nothing could be more fitting than a toast to one's friends in " King George IV "; a whisky of rich mellowed maturity —the very spirit of good company.

Quality unsurpassed

"King George IV"
Old Scotch Whisky

Maximum Retail Prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD. EDINBURGH

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Great stuff this Bass

RED TRIANGLE

Triumph for the winner! Comfort for the loser! Bass! Bubbles winking in the sunlit gold as the vintage beer flows slowly into your glass. The grand reviving tang of good hops and malt subtly blended. A glorious feeling of "That's better!" lighting up your whole outlook. In one word Bass, the greatest beer of England, as it has been since your forefathers enjoyed it over a century ago. Call for it by name—Bass Red Triangle. And mind how you pour it.

ISSUED BY BASS, RATCLIFF & GRETTON LIMITED, BURTON-ON-TRENT

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, March 11, 1953. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879. Postage Rates:—Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 3d.